

Merry
Christmas

McGill



Daily

Happy
New Year

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PRICE TWO CENTS

TABOO!—?

by Dorothy Taylor-Stoll

(For this story Dorothy Taylor-Stoll receives the five-dollar war-savings certificate offered for the best creative work appearing in this issue.)

Mid-terms were in the offing, and Fred was getting worried. Whew! The history he had to cram before Christmas! He stretched his long legs apart and flipped the heavy book leaning against his chest back to the table. Christmas! The very name made his mouth water. Just a week and he'd be back home. Gee! It was nice for a guy to have such swell folks waiting for him! He'd start wrapping up some of their presents this very night, history or no history. Who cared about Ancient History anyway? It was bad enough to keep up with Modern. He might even be making it soon if things kept on. Then God help the suckers who'd have to learn it! He wondered what they'd think. They wouldn't, probably. It would be ancient stuff. Funny how we're more curious about the future than about the past!

Anyway he'd have to do something about it soon. He just wouldn't have the time to read everything. Better see one of the profs and try to find out what was important and what wasn't. Prof would be a good egg at heart—at Christmas anyway. Everyone got a bit softer then. . . . or did they? Someone had once said "Peace on Earth, good-will to men." But that was a long time ago. Let's see now, how would he start the prof off tomorrow? Uhm. . . . interested but over-worked angle might do the trick. Thank the Lord for this Christmas breather! Now that was settled he may as well have forty winks. He'd probably only waste the time reading something he didn't have to anyway. . . . It was on his mind when he went to sleep.

"Herr Meyer, I wonder if you will help? I have much yet to do and this whole chapter confuses me. It is the introduction to Modern History and concerns the manners, traditions, and beliefs of the decadent 20th Century. It seems so impossible; and difficult to interpret."

"Of course, Friedrich. Sit down. We shall start at once. Have you a question?" Herr Meyer polished his glasses and appraised the strapping before him.

"Well, sir, if you could give me a short explanation of some of the terms that the text uses so glibly? 'Christmas' for instance. What was that? I have read of its moral influence upon its people, and how it stunted their practical growth somehow and weakened them for us to conquer, but I cannot see much sense in its principles; and the text is very vague."

"You have noticed that, Friedrich? Very interesting! You are wise to be so practical. That is the secret of our power. But look, I shall make all clear very simply; by the process of association. First you will put into your mind our annual celebration, the one we share with the whole western world—Our Hitlerite! Now you will try to think of a similar celebration indulged in by people three centuries ago. That was 'Christmas'. Of course it was on a much lesser scale. However, let us begin logically as is proper, and ask ourselves some questions."

"What was it? The supposed day of birth of a man called Christ, celebrated throughout the then Christianized world about this same time of year. Who was this Christ you will ask, that he was such an object of worship for centuries? Well I shall give you the knowledge which I have garnered after painful research and analysis of ancient documents, manuscripts, and a certain other book now unknown to the general public, and kept more as a curiosity in our State Museum. They called it the Bible. Incidentally, you will not find this in your text. I have made it a hobby of mine to satisfy my curiosity on the subject, and you may consider me an authority. Before I begin I will beg you to refrain from laughter as neither you nor I have time to waste more than is necessary for your enlightenment concerning this tradition and its legendary figure. I say legendary, for that is my opinion, and you may consider me an expert on the matter. However, there is still a minority who persist in believing the opposite; merely to be contrary I should say, for it is really of no practical value today to any of us. But then we all have our little foibles and pedantry is one that attacks even the most broad-minded, especially in matters of little or no significance. Of course you are at liberty to believe what you will. There is no actual proof."

(Continued on Page Two)

A REFUGEE'S THOUGHTS

A Dialogue

(A Dialogue)

(It is passed midday—Geoffrey and Peter, two friends of eighteen and seventeen years respectively, are travelling together in a railroader through the country. They are reflecting upon the scenery.)

Geoffrey: What a beautiful landscape, somewhat monotonous and yet enormously thrilling.

Peter: Oh, yes. . . . very peaceful and calm. One can hardly believe that not very many miles away battles are raging and a nation, a great and yet a small nation is fighting a struggle of life and death.

Geoffrey: Yes, you are definitely right, but you must stop thinking of these farther away things, you must live now, in and for the moment. Look at nature as it is, at its strength, its peace, its glory, it will give you new strength and new peace. Look at these sheep over there or that quivering little brook at the slope of that hill.

Peter: Surely, I enjoy all these things tremendously. Do not think, I am ungrateful or that I always keep on grumbling only for the sake of argument, but how am I to forget all these things over there. These are things, I saw, I feared and things, I lived, fought and so much have liked to die for.

Geoffrey: I know exactly how you feel, how lonely and even forgotten, but you can be sure, after that war is over, all you. . . .

Peter: Oh, may God always leave you English this great and up to now unerring optimism, but I greatly doubt whether you will surmount all these great difficulties and obstacles.

Geoffrey: Well, you can be sure we will. I quite admit that things look rather bad just now and that mistakes have been made, perhaps even irreparable ones, but we will see it through; we've always won the last battle and with it the war.

Peter: Well, I only do hope with all my heart that it will be the last battle you will win, not the last but one.

Geoffrey: Of course, the spirit of our fighting forces, the spirit of men and women in this country will stand up to it. I know it will be difficult, but we must and will succeed.

Peter: We said exactly the same, before this beast moved across our border. Our men and women also would give their last drop of blood to defend their soil, they said; many, very many did that, but how could they possibly make a stand against that enormous machinery once it began moving. Nothing, nothing at all.

(The door of their compartment is pushed open and a steward looks in.)

Steward: Any refreshments, gentlemen?
Peter: No thank you.

(Continued on Page Two)

EL-BOMBA

By Eliezer Scholtz

... "It is the knowledge you want Ya Ibn!; the knowledge that there is much light and the knowledge that there is not the dark that is stronger than you. You shall have all that knowledge."

... "There was the Sook, the market place, and there were the many people and the many animals: the camels, and the horses, and the chickens, and the dogs, and the cats and there were the donkeys, and the sheep, and the goats. And it was not a hot day because there were the clouds that came and stood between the earth that was covered with the many people, and the many animals, and the merchandise and the clear sky that hung above the clouds."

... "Then there was the little donkey who made his way alone, without his master, and he was in the path that ran through the middle of the Sook. And there was no one who looked at him because he was not the only donkey who made his way without his master, going to where the master was going and not waiting until the master finished his talk with some of the men of the village. And when the donkey came to where Youssef-EI-Shaamli was, he who sold the Taklians, that were the small embroidered caps, there, right in the centre of the Sook, the Bomba exploded because it was in one of the double-bags which were on the donkey."

... "It was a fine Bomba. It made the mountains shake and the air run before it and it added much to the brown earth. Then there were the Trumbilaat, which were the lorries that carried the stones for the building of the roads, that came and there were the many bodies that were put on them; bodies, legs, hands, and the rest. And to the big hole they went, the big hole in the side of the mountain and then there was the white dust that was put over them and then the fresh, moist, brown earth. And with them, in the thick of the soil, were the bodies of the animals that were killed and of that little donkey. Then the lord of the district put a board in the ground, on top of the brown earth that covered the bodies, and on it he wrote: '600 Men. . . . To The Best Of Our Knowledge.' Of the animals the lord said nothing and nothing did he say of that little donkey."

... "And it was the knowledge you wanted, Ya Ibn!; the knowledge of the Bomba and of what it knew of the brown earth. What shall it be to you, that knowledge, now that you have it? What the Bomba knew of the brown earth you shall never know because you shall want more knowledge and the Bomba knew not more than that there was the brown earth and no less."

... "There is much injustice, Ya Ibn! There were the six hundred of us that they killed and there were the six thousand of them that we killed. Where is the justice?"

... "Then there was you and the knowledge that there was of the silver pieces in the folds of your belt and of the brown pearls. So they spoke of the battle and there were their eyes that shone and they also spoke of the master of the land because with you were the pearls and the pieces of silver and they knew that if there is battle they shall have them. So they made battle."

... "And there was the fire of the big rifles that spit the fire very quickly, and which were the machine-guns, and there was the sound of many feet that were running and of many others that the fire mowed down as the stalks of the wheat before the scythe. And with the knowledge they had of what they could do with pieces of silver and of what they could do with the brown pearls they went to the Sook and then there was the Bomba. There they are now, the brown pearls and the shiny pieces of silver, in the big hole in the side of the mountain. And when the sun will shine and the brown earth will be one with it because there shall not be the men and the animals in between, and there shall not be the clouds in the sky, there will be your silver pieces and your brown pearls in the thick of the earth, cold, and lonely, and far from the much light."

... "And you will remember the brown earth, then, and that you

(Continued on Page Two)

With this issue the DAILY suspends publication for this term. The first issue of the new year will appear on January 16.



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS, 1941

To all of you, students and staff, members of the armed forces and officers, who are at present members of McGill University, as well as to your relatives and friends, I want to offer my best wishes for a very happy Christmas and a bright New Year.

More than two thousand years have passed since the shepherds of Bethlehem heard the first Christmas greeting: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. . . . Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." That message may today provoke a cynical smile from the few who look no further than the surface of things. The cynics will hear, in their imagination, the echo of guns, but they will miss the heart-beat of the millions of men and women, from all corners of the world, who are finding a new and deeper meaning in the spirit of Christmas. During the twenty years between 1919 and 1939, the fundamental spirit of Christmas was often obscured by shallow pragmatism and easy prosperity, but the events of the recent past have brought a deeper appreciation of its significance. To countless people, the promise of a better world is very real, and the challenge that it implies is clear. The happiness of their children and their children's children cannot be secured unless all of us exert every ounce of our energy, and face every sacrifice, in order that peace on earth, a peace in which personal honor and human dignity are respected, may be attained.

Let us be happy this Christmastide in the knowledge that we are born into a time when men and women are uniting in a great effort to bring the world nearer to the pattern of that great ideal which we remember at this season of the year. Let us be happy in the realization that we are, each of us, able to participate in that effort. May we appreciate fully the privilege of sharing with one another our quiet celebration of the festival, and remember thankfully the gallant efforts of those who are defending that privilege for us.

I hope that you may share with millions of others this deeper realization of the spirit of Christmas, and that you may return from the holidays with a rich memory of happy hours. A very happy Christmas to you, and best wishes for all of 1942.

F. CYRIL JAMES

December 17, 1941.

DECORATING A TREE

By R. R. M.

No one can thoroughly enjoy Christmas unless he follows its age-old traditions; of these the most beautiful is undoubtedly the custom of decorating a tree. It is a relatively simple matter, this tree-

(Continued on Page Six)

XMAS TREE LEGENDS

By R. A.

Of the many Christmas traditions observed the Christmas tree is one of the oldest and most universal. How the Christmas tree has served as a source of inspiration, how it has related many a child at Christmas-

(Continued on Page Six)

To The MCGILL RESERVE TRAINING BATTALION

Message from the Officer Commanding, McGill University Contingent C.O.T.C. and Officer in charge, McGill Reserve Training Battalion:

"The progress of world events has served to emphasize even more clearly Canada's position in the present conflict, and it is a matter of satisfaction that the members of the McGill Reserve Training Battalion are so wholeheartedly backing up the efforts of the Instructional Cadre of the McGill Reserve Training Battalion."

"May we take this occasion to extend to all ranks of the McGill Reserve Training Battalion our best wishes for Christmas and the New Year, with the hope and conviction that the fine spirit which exists today will continue."

J. M. MORRIS, Lt.-Col.
H. S. L. BROWN, Major.

YULETIDE ATHEIST

By Jimmy Panos

A fairytale Christmas Eve—happy packages, criss-crossing along the streets; bulky, dry snowflakes, coating hats and padding shoulders; bright, friendly eyes sparkling; hostile everywhere, swallowing Karl Niven.

Karl Niven didn't mind, though. He had been swept off his course, but he didn't mind. There was no hurry. Smiles blinked past him all the way. He smiled back, looking more like the real Santa Claus every time. He was beginning to feel like the old gentleman. The children would be pleased. They would all mill around him, even the older ones, and the joy of their laughter would more than repay him for this slight discomfort. The pack on his back seemed lighter now. He straightened his whiskers and ambled on.

Tonight everybody seemed human. People with whom he rubbed elbows all the year round and never knew it, tonight were like old friends. It was a warm feeling, having friends again—not real friends, of course, but they would last the Eve. And the best thing about them was that they didn't know him, nor he them.

The smiles continued. Christmas smiles, he supposed, must be like Christmas cards to other people—more formal than sincere—but to a lone man like himself they meant something. They were the tears of repentance of a world that had wronged him.

Then, suddenly, the bright lights appeared to dim, and the smiles to vanish, and the snowflakes to grow wet and cold. Years retraced their leaden footsteps and paused at a certain day, when he, a youngster then, was thrown out of his home. There was his father, oldish, austere, God-fearing, his righteous face scarlet with anger and shame, slamming shut the door of his house on his atheist son, who had strayed from the ways of the Church. And other doors that had once opened gladly at his sight, now were deaf to his pleading knocks. Friends turned enemies—the best worst. And he found himself clinging for life on the bare, blunt cliff of inhumanity, in the hope that someone would understand a young man's thoughts and offer a helping hand.

But there was no one left to look for the lost sheep. The mist of the past lifted. Christmas smiles, bright eyes and lights again, and the snowflakes, bulky and dry. He was Santa Claus. He should not forget that.

"Santa Claus! Santa Claus is coming! Merry Christmas!"

The swell of childish laughter greeted Karl Niven as he entered the room. The holiday decorations failed to hide its dingy touch of poverty.

"Come on, kids, here's your presents!" His bag emptied its contents on eager hands. He had to wedge his way out of the scramble to the old lady.

"Well, Mrs. Jones, another year has gone. Before we know it we'll be old."

The old lady held his eyes in hers, and he felt awkward and out of place.

"I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Niven," she said. There were tears in her voice.

Karl Niven turned and watched the children.

"I hope they like their presents," he said.

"They will," Mrs. Jones assured him. "They always do. Has their Santa Claus ever failed them? They've been waiting for you all day—all year. The whole neighborhood is here again. You can't imagine what you mean to them."

He looked funny in his Santa Claus outfit, trying to figure out what to say to the old lady.

"Yes, they're all here, aren't they?"

Followed then another stampede in his direction, during which he was showered with Merry Christmases and Thank You's. They all wanted to show him their presents. He fumbled through his role of Father Christmas as best he could, timidly mumbling the yuletide wish.

When they had all left, a little girl edged timidly towards him, hugging a huge doll so close that it was hard to tell which was the doll. He bent down to her.

"Do you like what Santa Claus brought you?"

The child laughed wisely.

(Continued on Page Two)

MR. PUFFLE'S MIRACLE

by Robert G. Simpson

Mr. J. B. Puffle watched the indistinct, red glimmer of his cigar-end in the vast expanse of polished mahogany before him. He was watching it idly, without thinking; watching only the wan, red glow. He would take a slow puff, and the spot on the desk would brighten momentarily, and then gradually fade. He would puff again.

There were no troubling thoughts on his mind. It had been a satisfactory day of business, and so near to closing time he could allow himself the indolent pleasure of a blank mind, slumping over his desk watching only the polished reflection of his cigar. Certainly, he was not thinking of the problems of Mrs. Brown, his secretary. He may have been thinking about Mr. Puffle, for that was more important. Mr. Puffle was the president of Puffle and Co. (Purchase your Presents at Puffle's) which was becoming, under the able leadership of its president, the busiest department store in the city. Yes, he was undoubtedly thinking about Mr. Puffle. . . . Mr. Puffle and his cigar.

But that couldn't last; it was time to go. Up and away! The red glow of the cigar disappeared from the mahogany surface. The white silk muffler was about his neck, the black derby on his head, and the heavy blue top-coat buttoned around him. Out through the swinging doors with a swish. A brief nod and a "Good-night, Mrs. Brown," as he passed the table where she was still clicking at tomorrow's letters. Up and away, he must hurry. He was to be the master of ceremonies at a Christmas party for the families of his drivers. He mustn't be late for that!

In the taxi he tried to think only of the lights in the passing streets; red and green and yellow. Bright lights, dancing and shimmering on the new snow that was everywhere. Or the people, perhaps, rushing with bundled arms in every direction, with little rabbit-tails of breath at their mouths. Bright, jolly night! Only five more shopping days 'til Christmas.

But into this merry, flashing scene the face of Mrs. Brown insisted on intruding. It was a curious face. It could have been pretty, but the cares of a difficult life had creased it about the eyes and mouth, had pinched its features, and made its hair mousey and straggling. Mrs. Brown was widowed, and a four-year-old son did little to lessen her already encumbering worries, especially around Christmas.

She was a good stenographer, and Mr. Puffle was going to reward her with a considerable cash bonus. But that wasn't enough; there was something else on her mind. She had come to him only that morning, pushing quietly through the swing door.

"Oh, J. B. About that Santa Claus in Toyville. . ."

Mr. Puffle raised a pudgy white hand.

"Not just now, Mrs. Brown. Will you take a letter please," and she would be gently pressed into silent and uncomplaining obedience.

It was the query he was always hearing: "Why must there be two Santa Clauses? Why, because Kingston and Sons had a Santa Claus, must Puffle and Co. have a Santa Claus too? It wasn't reasonable. The children were beginning to ask unanswerable questions." But always Mr. Puffle would answer, patiently as ever:

"Business is not meant to keep myths going; myths must be made to help business."

But that did not satisfy Mrs. Brown. She would come in the next day, looking as harassed as ever, and complain again. On top of all her worries, the strain of keeping a four-year-old son believing in one great, all-embracing St. Nicholas in the face of two commercially minded St. Nicks was too much. She said to Mr. Puffle:

"You bachelors can't understand. You've never had little children ask you questions."

But soon Mr. Puffle arrived at the place where his drivers were having their party, and the insistent vision of Mrs. Brown became less insistent and gradually disappeared. It couldn't be otherwise; no sad, worried face could live in such an atmosphere. Such bustle, such happiness, such excitement! So many children; so many parents feeling like children again!

Mr. Puffle felt very important, very expansive. He stood in the middle of the room and watched the dozens of people rush in every direction around him. And the tree. . . . Oh, what a tree! The myriad twinkling lights, flashing at the glass icicles and the long streamers of silver. And the children huddling around it and looking with pop-eyed excitement at the white-wrapped parcels hiding its base. Oh what a scene! What a mad, merry scene!

(Continued on Page Two)

CHRISTMAS 1941

by Thomas Mulligan

snow. . . lots of it and gaily-decorated windows in a thousand brightly-lighted stores. . . toys, clothes, santa clauses, everywhere green and red and white holly, mistletoe and christmas trees cold clear nights with stars. . . one bright star the star of Bethlehem, in a sea of blue.

cards. . . hundreds. . . greetings from relatives, love, best wishes, luck. . . old English xmas, coachmen, bonneted ladies, robust old men red coats, gold fobs, grey topers, buckled shoes prancing horses. . . wonderful dinners, with turkey and pudding. . . shepherds, biblical scenes. . . trees and more trees, pretty snow-bound cottages. . .

sketches of places. . . or in gill, merely "The Worthington Smiths."

sleighs. . . everywhere all bells and steaming horses, puffing clouds of vapour carols on the radio, laughter in the air, crowds of shoppers beggars. . . soldiers, sailors, airforce, even women in uniforms thousands of children. . . salvation army hurdy-gurdy pencils or pussycat

Christmas offering. . . big parcels, little parcels, middling parcels bustle, slow streetcars. . . next elevator please. . . I'm so-o tired. . .

Christmas eve. . . holly wreaths, icicles, blue lights, yellow, red, green and white lights trees, tinfoil, cellophane, tissue-paper, big fat red ribbons presents in heaps. . . stockings, cards on the mantelpiece soft snow falling gently outside. . . egg-nog, nutmeg warm fire glowing in grate, more carols somewhere. . . friends, relatives, acquaintances, loved ones. . . and Peace.

despair. . . everywhere, no music, no laughter, no trees, no holly sullenness hate anger fear dread suffering. . . no hymns but silent prayers and silent curses. . . no christmas dinner. . . only coupons. . . or nothing. . . empty chairs and missing faces everywhere poverty, toil, suffering, wretchedness, misery death, taxation, poverty, oppression, racial hatred. . .

(Continued on Page Two)

Christmas 1941

(Continued from Page One.)

new language. . . .
Gestapo, Fuehrer, heil Hitler, Swastika, Bund
Ersatz, putsch, blitzkrieg, blackshirt, brownshirt. . . .
Goebbels, Goering, Von Papen, Dunkirk,
Tobruk, Sidi, Barani, Vichy,
commando, tanks, reconnaissance. . . . blood
blood and more blood, torture, concentration camps. . . .
Aryans, Nordics, supermen. . . .

air raid. . . .
drone of diving planes, wall of sirens, darkness
blackout, dim lights, shelters and low voices
anti-aircraft roaring somewhere. . . . fire reels, A.R.P.
ambulance, bombs, explosions. . . . or silence
and a long, dark, cold night. . . . no stars but the red glow
of fire and the sweeping fingers of searchlights in heaven.

Christmas eve. . . .
waiting, hoping, praying. . . . old men and old women
little children. . . . for sons, brothers, and sisters
that are gone. . . . endless waiting. . . . they ask
for no blessing at Christmas. . . . only, O Christ, give us
Victory. In Europe, Asia, Africa, oppressed peoples
and sons at war. . . . useless, terrible, unChristian war. . . .
Pause and think of Him who died
that we might live. . . . in Peace.

Mr. Puffie's Miracle

(Continued from Page One)

The whole evening was like that. Mr. Puffie made his little speech,
and his drivers cheered, and their wives and their children cheered, and
those who had no wives or children cheered louder than all the rest. And
they all slapped him on the back and called him "Good old Puffie," and
sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" until they were hoarse. And it was
all Mr. Puffie could do to restrain himself from doubling their wages
on the spot!

Then at last came the time when he was to give out the presents
(for it was a Christmas custom with Puffie and Co. to give something
to the children of their employees). This was the crowning glory of the
whole affair. Mr. Puffie was squatting by the tree, and as he called their
names the children would file up, trembling with anticipation, to re-
ceive their gift, and they would dart back to their parents, too excited
to untie the ribbons.

He was calling the names slowly, talking a little to each child as he
came up.

"Johnny Cairns."
A boy, not five yet, tottered up. He had obviously been rolling on
the floor more than once that evening for his hands were smudged, and
the seat of his breeches was smudged, and there was a smudge across
his cheek. His hair was standing up straight over his forehead too, but
his eyes were bright and keen as he watched Mr. Puffie pick up a long
white package.

"Here you are, Johnny."
"Geel Thanks, mister . . ."
"Will you promise me you'll be a good boy until Santa comes?"
The bright eyes that were blue flickered for a moment. An indescrib-
able look of wisdom came into them. Johnny did not answer. He turned
back slowly and faced Mr. Puffie.

"Mister, are there two Santa Clauses?"
Later that night, when Mr. Puffie was warmly between the soothing
sheets of his bed, he tried to remember what answer he had made. Try
as he might, he could not bring it to mind. He could only see and hear
the question of Johnny Cairns, the staring eyes and the open mouth, the
question reverberating in his brain even after he was asleep.

That is how it was last year. And that is how it came about that
Mr. Puffie visited his rival, Mr. Kingston. And that is why this year
there is no Santa Claus in the Toyville of Kingston and Sons, and no
Santa Claus in the Toyville of Puffie and Co., but a merrier, jollier
Santa Claus, sitting in a splendour that he had never known before, in a
room that is covered with tinsel and coloured lights, in the formerly
vacant warehouse half-way down the block between the two stores.

Taboo—?

(Continued from Page One)

"But to get back to the question. Who was this Christ? Here is the
answer. Only a Jew! Yes, of that race that is now almost extinct. Only
a non-German slave of ignorant and poverty-stricken parentage. He
was supposedly a travelling preacher, and it seems as if his teachings,
though at first ignored, then persecuted, finally were established in the
life of his followers and successors. Again, I say there is no proof. What
they attribute to him was probably the essence of their philosophy as
it grew through the years. Ah! but this Christ was a martyr. He died.
So, in an outburst of enthusiasm they made him their patron. Then, of
course, they add the spice of mystery; they transported him beyond the
ether. In the light of my great knowledge this was the last straw, per-
fectly absurd; and I am sure you cannot help but agree with me in my
opinion that he was just a myth.

"Yet I am fair! Therefore I shall present the other side of the argu-
ment, (if there is any) as to his being an actual person. It is that the
embalming processes of that day were still unadvanced, and being unable
to preserve his body, as we have our glorious Hitler, the story of his
disappearance was invented and circulated until the fools in the next
generation thoroughly accepted it as an explanation and began celebrat-
ing his birth with gusto. They called themselves Christians. But celebrat-
ing his birth wasn't much of an honour. They celebrated each other's
too."

He smiled at Friedrich's involuntary start of surprise. "You are
amazed, eh young German? Imagine the muddle we would be in, and the
insult to Hitler if such things were done today. You may well
ejaculate and roll your eyes."

"But again, it is interesting to note the absurdities fostered by them."
Herr Meyer believed in teaching by contrast, and welcomed the oppor-
tunity both to do this and also display his knowledge. It was necessary
that he make himself popular at the university, and he warmed to his
subject with a show of enthusiasm quite justified. Was he not extolling
the greatness of the greatest, most glorious name in history? "And how
soon the comparison to our Hitlerite ends," he continued, "for you will
ask, What did he do? And you will have reason to laugh. This Christ, he
didn't even attempt to conquer the world, not even an attempt. He was
just the Prince of Peace. Yes, here the comparison ends, for to compare
him to the King of War, Mightiest of Mightiest, is to compare a pea to
a pearl. Just listen. He preached, so they say, the doctrine of 'brother-
hood of man,' but it didn't work. It wasn't practical. Everyone since
him acknowledged that. Perhaps that's the way they gave the credit to
him. Imagine us scattering our energies upon individuals when we are
all members of The State. It gives us all we need. It knows better than
what is for our good. He didn't try to eliminate other races either;
most likely couldn't sense the inevitable discord, unless of course he
was stupid enough to rely on his theories to keep order. Ah, but Hitler!
That glorious Name! Such a keen judge of human nature! When people
were too lazy to think he did it for them. Now they don't have to bother.
The Christians, they called him the anti-Christ. That was an insult he
never forgave,—to be so classed with a common quack. Yet he found
it humorous to watch their downfall. They had principles, you know,
and they were stubborn.

"Thou shalt not kill" was one. That Christ didn't even know the
value of it. They had cripples, deformed, imbeciles, blind, deaf, dumb.
What is more they loved them! That was a crime in itself. 'Thou shalt
not commit adultery' was another. Imagine marriage for life, Friedrich?
You are of an age to know the stupidity of that? 'One man, one woman,
and whence are procreated the children to serve our State? How much
chance then have women to show their patriotism? To do their duty?'
Oh no! Hitler abolished that. He was generous.
"Thou shalt not covet" was another still. How the Gott did they
expect to progress. Men need some stimulation! But there I have digressed
again. I should have told you about their method of celebration—so
selfish. They gave each other gifts, and smoked, and drank each other's
health in wine and stronger. The irony of it! They wilfully weakened

their bodies, destroyed their minds. No wonder Hitler laughed. But that
is ended now. Our race is physically pure, mentally perfect. That was
Hitler's great gift to civilization—a German race, separate, complete.
He conquered the world and gave it to us. Just for us! He had to. Their
science had progressed, we could use that, but such unnecessary ideals
with which they were encumbered! What pity they had to be so twisted.
So stubborn! Yes, what pity!

Herr Meyer spoke more quietly now. He was thinking, wondering
what impression this was making on the youth opposite. Was he old
enough yet to read between the lines? "Yes," he repeated, "There was
much destruction at the beginning. It had to come to that. Their end
was OUR beginning. Young Germany with the world at her feet! What
a future, eh Friedrich?" He stopped abruptly and looked at his watch.
It was always wise to stop at the climax.

"Sorry, Friedrich. I am due at the N.S.P. meeting in ten minutes."
Friedrich took the hint and rose from his seat.

"Thank you, Herr Meyer. You have been more than kind," he
began.

"Quite all right, Friedrich. Don't worry about that introduction.
It is of no cultural importance today. I'm quite sure it will not be on the
examination. It's not worth it. Credit will be given only for the knowl-
edge of Germany's conquest of the world and its following re-organiza-
tion. Good-night Friedrich."

"Good-night Herr Meyer." He clicked his way out of the office. He
was thoughtful; and didn't notice Rudolphe and Eugene until they
shouted at his hurried by.

"No day-dreaming, Friedrich. It is almost the hour. Herr Schultz
does not like twice-laters at his Youth Period."

Friedrich did not feel like talking. He was tired of having to jump
when Herr Schultz pulled the string. But German Youth did not stay
at the University if they did not jump willingly, and often. He must
remember that. Hans was a good example. Hah, that thought. It was
black. It was blasphemy. It was treason, if uttered aloud. It startled
him into action.

He reached the doorway and looked out as he buttoned up his coat
and pulled on his gloves. The white acreage around was deserted. Fresh
snow had fallen. The only signs of life were the footsteps leading to the
Community building, and Herr Schultz's Youth Period, unswerving
prints. . . . feet of flesh, heads blank as the snow around, hearts as cold.
The last warning sounded. He flung open the door and raced down the
steps.

"Hey, hey! What d'y think you're doing?" someone shouted in his
ear. He opened his eyes and found himself kicking out his long legs
viciously.

"Sorry," he muttered. "I guess I fell asleep and they cramped."

"You sure did, fella," said one near him. "You were better'n a picnic."
There was loud laughter, and Fred blushed for his habit of talking in
his sleep. He wondered how much he had said. It was all clear—too
clear. Soon the laughter subsided and one by one they trailed out.
He was left alone. He stretched, got up and went over to the window.
The sky was black, the snow dazzling patches under the campus lights.
The window was open, just a slit, and he breathed in the cold air with
eager lungs, and swallowed it.

The bells of a sleigh jangled closer as it passed the window and dis-
appeared around the corner. They reminded him of the season and
brought out the silence of the night. He stood there for a few moments
thinking. . . . thinking about the Christmas tree and its gay trimmings
that would soon stand in that familiar corner at home; of holly, and
wine, and fruit; of his mom and the light in her eyes when he'd kick
his way up the steps to the doorway on the 23rd, and bend to kiss her
before he went inside; of his dad beside him, and his kid-brother chat-
tering all night after lights were out, of Joan and her prettiness. He
was thinking of Christmas Eve, and of camels, and wise men, and shining
stars seen on Christmas cards. He was thinking of Scrooge, and Tiny
Tim; of the Other Wise Man and his sapphire, his ruby, his pearl.
He was thinking of a Child in a manger, and clear white robes, and
straw. He was thinking of carols echoed by soaring voices, of the organ's
low vibrations, long sustained; of snow feathering downward in the
crisp air. It brought him peace.

He was thinking too of Christmas Day and friends, of odd bright
presents, Oh's, etc., of delight, of the savoury smell of turkey cook-
ing, of plum-pudding and rum-sauce, of the tang of mince-meat, of the
radio's music, and the bang of crackers, of the clink of glasses and the
rattle of plates; of almost inaudible satisfied grunts. He was thinking of
paths where the snow was thin and the fellowship of a crowd. He was
thinking of paths where the snow was thick and he'd bring good cheer.
He was thinking of that and more as he watched the air inside find its
way through the open slit and shiver on the other side of the glass.
Then his mind wandered back to his dream. Would it ever come to that?

His musing was interrupted because Bob stamped into the room with
a pile of books under his arm and flung himself into the nearest chair.
He made a noise and Fred couldn't think anymore. Bob slammed his
books one upon the other and sang lustily to himself. It wasn't the tune,
for it was off-key, that rang through Fred's head. It was the words.
TABOO! TABOO! It wasn't the alternate thump of finger and thumb
drumming out the base on the table-top that interested him. It was the
meaning. TABOO! It was only a left-over from last night's radio pro-
gram haunting Bob's mind. But it was THE ANSWER!

"Hi Bob," he yelled across the room. Bob looked up.

"Hi, Fred," same the reply.

A Refugee's Thoughts

(Continued from Page One.)

Geoffrey: Why not; let's have some coffee, if possible, and bread
and butter.

Steward: Very well, Sir (Closes door).

Geoffrey: (Sometime later, looking up from some news magazine).
Why are you so thoughtful, Peter; don't you like the scenery any more?
A book? A good thriller I bought here at the last station. You like to
read it?

Peter: No, thank you, Geoffrey, my mind is really all too. . . .

Geoffrey: Now, come on, what's worrying you. Tell me your mind.

Tell me your worries, I am sure you will feel better then.

Peter: I do not know exactly myself; it is really hard to analyze
one's mind. You know I sometimes don't know whether you can
understand me at all, mind you, mentally. My way of thinking is
perhaps entirely different and strange to you; our whole status of being
a Refugee is perhaps not understandable in its real meaning. Often
when I get a few minutes free—with myself, I mean—I think, these
things over. That was what I did, just now. I was contemplating what
you would actually have imagined a Refugee to be, before you saw me
or any of us. I know you will tell me now that you thought a refugee
is a man who was driven out of his country, a man, who had to flee
his homeland for some reason or another, you would give me a descrip-
tion of a refugee as you have seen one only now; you could not draw
a sketch of him from your memory or imagination but only from your
immediate impressions.

Geoffrey: Yes, you probably are right, but why all that?

Peter: Well, these were the thoughts, I had. . . . Do you know what
it means to be a refugee? It does not only mean being driven out, a
homeless victim of persecution; none of these many well-styled phrases
really hits the core of the matter. . . . No, it means being helpless, with-
out a government, without a home country, without a home, it means
no authority or any backbone behind you. Nowhere to go back, to be
a continuous wanderer, to be at home everywhere and yet nowhere. To
have a family scattered all over the world, to know people in every

El Bomba

(Continued from Page One.)

liked to break through the crust
that formed on top of it after the
rains and with your feet feel the
coolness of it. Thus it is that the
knowledge that you did not have
and the knowledge that all of them
had made more of the brown
earth. . . .

. . . "But, Ya Ibnl, there also was
the knowledge that you had and
it was of what you could get for
the silver pieces and of what you
could get for the brown stones. . . ."

corner of the globe, in every town, in every village, who are just as
helpless as you are. It means to have a few last belongings in a suit-
case, which is never unpacked, to have as immediate hope only tomor-
row's mail, to live for letters and in letters. The Jews, so much laughed
at, hated and persecuted and yet always surviving and again prospering,
they are the very image of a refugee. A refugee should be able to
adapt himself to all sorts of conditions in the world, wherever he
comes to and yet, he never can become a homogeneous part of the
people, he has settled among. However well he may have assimilated,
learned the language, all the idioms and customs, it takes more than two
generations to be entirely absorbed in that, particular atmosphere. I
know that you, Geoffrey, will hardly understand that or even agree.
How could you? You were brought up differently and never saw any
of your childhood illusions destroyed, or your homes broken up. You
never saw grown up men cry when they had to leave their homes of
their fathers and forefathers after they returned mentally broken from
a concentration-camp. You may have read these things in papers or in
books, they sound to you like fairy tales perhaps. If you hear a particu-
lar story of a refugee, well, you take great interest, pity him, and if at
all possible, help as best as you can. You never had your way of living
so fundamentally changed as everyone of us had. . . . We are about the
same age, numerically, yet, I am afraid, I am much older than my birth-
certificate says. I have seen too many worlds broken, ideals killed,
cities, countries, nations destroyed and economically paralyzed, in order
not to live in the past, in the memory of all that has been, what I have
lived in. I know, and I can only hope that some day all that will be
over and I too will be able to consider it as a nightmare and only keep
the happy end in my memory. Geoffrey, you know people like you,
kind, generous, who try to understand us, these people nourish this, my
whole hope. But besides all these, perhaps trifles in your eyes,
something has been killed within me; however this world's future shall
be. The illusions of my youth, the great faith a youngster has in his
world, in himself, this has been destroyed in me. You know very well,
that the best, happiest and also most impressive years, a man has are
his teens. There he receives his education, there he learns his trade
and last but not least, chooses from the great chaos of philosophies, his
very own life philosophy, he obtains his "Weltanschauung" as the Ger-
mans say—the way, he looks at things later in his life. This time of a
man is a very delicate and tender one, many a youth is mentally mis-
shapen for his whole life, if this particular period is greatly impressed
by accidental circumstances. All the great politicians, particularly those
with extreme views on the state, have at this time of their lives picked
up their ideas. In my case, and I am sure in many other cases, this
period just dawned when we were thrown out, set on the road with
nobody behind and nothing in front. No education, no trade, no life
experiences, hardly any future prospects, that is a refugee—youth of
today.—Things, we used to read in story- and history-books have become
reality for many of us; we became stateless in the very sense of the
word, a symbol, a realization of a great word coined by Pinder, the old
Greek philosopher.

Geoffrey: Yes, Peter, I know how you feel, but these things have
happened before and were straightened out; you should not think of
the past so much. Think of the future before you, think of all the
great things to come, of your own strength. Praise yourself, be happy
to have survived this great upheaval in Europe, that you came out of this
with all your limbs in good shape.

Peter: Of course, you are right; please, do not think that I am
ungrateful for all you and your country gave to me, refuge, security,
life and freedom again. But sometimes I can really not help thinking
back of all these great things lost and scattered.

Geoffrey: You can be sure, Peter, I do understand you, but you
must regain your confidence in the people who want to help you and
in your-own-self. You can be certain, all that is only temporary and
one day, I hope (for your sake, very soon), you will be able to go back
and. . . .

Peter: No, no and no again, I don't want to go back, people have
been too bad, not all, but very many; they have deserved their fate,
they like to rob helpless people, to throw them out, they love to kill.
No, No, I don't want to see them again. I must and will forget it all
and shall try with all my heart to live up to the old Latin saying: UBI
BENE, IBI PATRIA.

(The compartment-door is pushed open, the steward brings coffee
and bread and closes the door behind him again, noiselessly.)

Yuletide Atheist

(Continued from Page One.)

"You're not Santa Claus; you're
Mr. Reves," she piped accusingly.
"Sh!" said Niven, index over his
mouth. "Don't tell anyone else."
"Sh!" echoed the little girl, mim-
icking him; and she ran out.
Karl Niven stood up and faced
the old lady.

"Well, Merry Christmas, Mrs.
Jones. I must be going now."
She didn't seem to have heard
him.

"How can we ever repay you, Mr.
Reves?"

He blushed a red that matched his
outfit.

"Oh, it's nothing."
The old lady took his hands in
hers.

"God bless you, my son," she
murmured warmly. Her hands were
saying the same thing.

Niven again had nothing to say,
but he didn't feel awkward and out
of place any more; nor did he blush.
He looked squarely at the old lady.

"Thanks for that," he uttered at
length. "That's reward enough."

And Santa Claus was Karl Niven
again.

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.

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Many a girl thinks she shows
distinction in her clothes, when the
proper word is distinctly.
—Dalhousie Gazette.

For beautiful Angela Flvery
We weep, for she is dead.
Her neck was a pillar of ivory,
But alas, so was her head . . .
—Sheaf.

She: My dad takes things apart
to see why they don't go.
He: So what?
She: You'd better go.

"Why does a traffic light turn
red?"
"You would too, if you had to
change in the middle of the street."
—Gateway.

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OVER"

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Celebrities Address Students

Open Meeting of War Council Features Luise Rainer, Joseph Davies

Council Will Discuss Plans to Solicit Medical Aid to Russia

Two world famous personalities, Luise Rainer, Academy Award winning star, and Mr. Joseph E. Davies, former U.S.A. ambassador to Russia, will address a meeting of the McGill War Council today at 5.00 p.m. in the Moyse Hall. All the students of the university as well as the airmen are welcome to attend.

The purpose of the meeting is to discuss plans for sending medical aid to Russia, and thus help her in her major struggle against Germany. To this affect various talks will be given by members of the council regarding McGill's future war effort. The highlight of the meeting will be the presentation of Miss Rainer and Mr. Davies to the War Council. Miss Rainer will be introduced by Prof. Newton of the English Department, and it is expected that she will read a poem or a prose selection appropriate to the occasion.

Joseph Davies



Former ambassador to Russia who will deliver an address on the state of affairs now existing in Russia.

Mrs. Chambers Takes Salute

McGill Detachment Is Inspected by Nat'l Commandant

The McGill University Training Detachment of the Canadian Red Cross Corps was inspected officially for the first time last night by Mrs. W. D. Chambers, National Commandant, Transport Section, C.R.C.C. Mrs. Chambers, after inspecting the Detachment, expressed her satisfaction with the rapid progress and her hope that after graduation the cadets would swell the ranks of the 3000 members of the Corps across Canada.

With Mrs. Chambers at the salute base were Principal James, Lt. Col. Morris, Commanding Officer of the McGill C.O.T.C., and Col. Legatt.

After the inspection a reception was held in the Royal Victoria College for the members of the Detachment and the invited guests, among whom were the following, Mrs. Jackson Dodds, wife of the Chairman of the Council of the Canadian Red Cross Society; Miss Dodds; Major H. S. L. Brown, O.C. McGill Reserve Training Battalion, and Mrs. Brown; Mrs. W. G. Black; Mrs. Chambers, Adjutant; Dr. and Mrs. Grant Fleming; Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Lamb; Dr. M. V. Roscoe, Warden of the R.V.C.; Mrs. E. C. Amaron, of Stanstead College; Miss DuPont, representing Miss M. McCreedy of Macdonald College; Miss Nicholson; Dr. and Mrs. Meakins; Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Legatt; Dr. and Mrs. Keith Hutchison; Dr. and Mrs. Jasper; the officers who have assisted in the training of the Detachment. (Continued on Page Six.)

On the sponsoring committee of the Medical Aid Group are such personages as Prof. Babkin, Sir Edward Beatty, Dean Brittain, Dr. Browne, Dr. Denstedt, Dr. Henry, Dr. F. G. James, Rev. Kilpatrick, Dr. Martin, Dr. Meakins, Dr. Penfield, Prof. Ness, Prof. Thomson.

From the University of Montreal, Monsigneur Chartier, Dean Le Sage, and Prof. Laugier have accepted invitations to attend the rally.

Why complain about the howling of hungry dogs when they're fed dog biscuits? We're having a special de luxe supper tonight. We'll have thousands of things to eat. Beans. —Argosy Weekly.

One hundred and twenty-five stalwart members of the Royal Canadian Air Force Detachment stationed on the campus paraded into the Royal Victoria College last night, detailed as convoy to the co-eds on hazardous excursions across the dance-floor.

"On so few did so much depend." . . . The Air Force once again displayed its customary reliability, escorting the girls nobly and with gallantry in breath-taking pirouettes, whirrs, and other provocative and capricious figures in the style of the Modern Dance.

Luise Rainer



Famous academy award winner who will pay visit to campus to speak before open meeting of War Council this afternoon. Famed for her performance in the Good Earth Miss Rainer will be introduced by Prof. Newton.

Mock Parliament Session To Be Held Tonight

Formation of National Committee To Be Discussed

Malcolm McAfee will lead the Government in the annual session of the McGill Mock Parliament to be held tonight at 8.00 p.m. in the Union Ballroom. The opposition will be headed by Winston Mahabir. The Speaker is to be Mr. Philip Vineberg, a lecturer in the Department of Economics.

The resolution to be discussed at this meeting will be: "That a National Commission be formed to plan social and economic reconstruction, which will be put into execution at the conclusion of the war."

The meeting will be opened by the Speaker at 8.00 p.m. He will then call upon the Prime Minister to present the main issue of discussion and will be allowed ten minutes.

Following this introductory (Continued on Page Six.)

Layton Traces Trend Of Poetic Agnosticism

Irving Layton, a graduate student in Economics, last night delivered an address on "the Metaphysical Implications of Modern Poetry," before the Philosophical Society.

Mr. Layton traced the transition in the world outlook of poets since the time of Alexander Pope, who, owing to the work of Newton, was filled with enthusiasm and the belief that it is possible for us to attain accurate knowledge of the world. The seeds of doubt, uncertainty and disillusionment were sown in the minds of the Nineteenth century poets. The poets of the present century have given up the possibility of a true metaphysical system and write instead about literal, every-day things. There is also a marked tendency to treat current social and political problems.

Mt. Allison Students Die During Residence Blaze

After the four-storey men's residence of Mount Allison University in Sackville, N.B., was destroyed by fire on December 16, two bodies were found which have been identified as those of Joseph Fraser, Sophomore from Pictou, N.S., and Frederick Farner, Sophomore of St. John, N.B.

One student has been declared missing, while seven are in the hospital suffering from injuries, after being forced to jump from the top floor. The blaze broke out about 2.00 a.m. in the basement, but the cause is unknown. One of the professors has stated that he feared the students, killed or injured, were dazed and blinded by the smoke.

SCM Features Xmas Fireside

Christmas Carols, Games, Stories To Be presented

A Special Christmas Open House gathering has been planned by the Students Christian Movement this evening at eight o'clock in Strathcona Hall. Included in the program are Christmas carols, stories, and games.

Those who wish to attend this function are asked to bring a pencil with them. In addition, they are asked to bring a small inexpensive gift, suitable for children. A number of the Open House Committee has emphasized that the cost of these gifts should not be more than twenty-five cents, and second hand gifts would also be acceptable. (Continued on Page Six.)

McGill Literary Effort Appears on Sale Today

The "Forge," McGill's literary magazine, goes on sale today. It may be obtained from stands set up in the lobbies of most buildings on the Campus, and later from the various janitors' offices.

This year a special reduction in price is being made for members of the R.C.A.F. stationed at McGill, who will pay only 20 cents instead of 25 cents as for students. This issue of the "Forge" contains five stories, five poems and three articles, as well as an editorial and notes on the contributors. A review appears on the Feature page of this "Daily."

Coed Loving Lacks Oomph

Psychologist Investigates Mating Dilemma

By G. A. and A. T.

Here is rather bad news for the marrying type of coed inasmuch as Dr. Clifford Adams, psychologist of Pennsylvania State College, has declared that girls who are husband-hunting should shun the college campus and seek their mates elsewhere.

The psychologist stated that the non coeds, the poor little working girls, have a better chance of marrying early and usually do so around twenty-four, while the career-girl coed has to wait for twenty-seven long years until some male of the species pops the question.

Dr. Adams did not discuss the techniques of the two groups nor did he analyse what the deficiencies in the coed mating ability were. However, he did say that the poor working girls have more time to "plan their attacks" and "make their catches."

It is still uncertain whether Dr. Adams' statement will cause a decline in the coed registration at our universities, or an improvement in the love-making technique. The students' preference leans heavily towards the latter remedy, especially the Artsmen (fooled you, eh?).

Turkey and Santa Claus Featured at Gala Party

Cooba Chooses Quayle as Cosmo Club's Casanova

Standard sent one of their ace photographers and two reporters to the Cosmopolitan Club Christmas Party. Here, for two and a half hours, the photographer took action shots of the revellers in their gay costumes, and of the victory theme decorations, until finally, when the entrance to the hall was blocked with some five or six dozen used flash bulbs, he decided that he had enough to fill the rotogravure section of the Standard for the New Year's day issue.

The highlights of this remarkable social pageant were the election of the campus casanova from among some fifty entrants. The judging was carried on by a committee of three girls, led by Cooba Sharp, the campus queen, whose assistants were Dorothy Hopkin and Blanch Lemco. After stiff competition the entrants were weeded down to a mere eight, who were then surveyed by the girls as they paraded along a raised dais. At first the voting was undecided, wavering between Jimmie Quayle, from Shang-

hai and Sam Steinberg from the R.C.A.F. However, at length, Jimmie Quayle took the unfair advantage of resorting to leg-art, and carried the coed vote by an overwhelming majority, the airman being the runner-up. He then was photographed for the rotogravure page, surrounded by the admiring beauties and made his exit after kissing the Queen beneath the mistletoe.

Other highlights of the party, at which there were some ninety people, included an excellent turkey dinner in the pit, followed by an exhibition of the modern dance by that world-famous exponent of this art Miss R. V. C. Hall and a sing-song led by Johnnie Karefa Smart. Shortly before the close of the party, an intermission was called during which Santa Claus gave presents (offered to him by Messrs. Eaton, Simpson, Morrow's Nuts, Woolworth and Kresge) to all and sundry, including a very special one to All-ben R.V.C., the guest of honour of the club. (Ed. note Paying guests.)

Dr. N. Morton Leaves McGill for Army Post

Leave of absence has been granted to Dr. N. W. Morton, assistant professor of psychology at McGill, on his appointment, with the rank of major, as an army examiner for the Atlantic Command.

Dr. Morton is recognized as an expert on personnel work and in intelligence and aptitude testing, and he is one of the ever-increasing number of experienced psychologists in the country who have volunteered for service, and who now form the army's personnel selection staff.

Sport Notices

INTERCOMPANY HOCKEY

Company Hockey Managers must be appointed immediately so that preparations may be made for the secondary Intercompany Hockey League which plays its games on

the McTavish Street rink. Company Managers are to report to Mr. Hay Finlay, Athletics Director, so that arrangements for practices and league games may be made.

All students wishing to play should sign the list in the Gymnasium Locker Room so that teams may be made up. Available time will be taken into consideration in arranging the schedule. Company Representatives so far named are: "A" Jas McKee, "C" J. L. Davies, "D" G. Hawker, "E" R. Freeman, "F" W. Parkinson, "G" K. Walters, C.O.T.C. T. L. Chown, Ind. H. Graves, Air Force R. Kingsland. See him right away.

INTRAMURAL HOCKEY

The hockey game which was to have been played today is postponed because of a fixture at the Forum and will be played after the holidays.

REFEREES AND TICKET SELLERS

All referees and ticket-sellers are asked to call for their pay as soon as possible at the athletics office.

Dead fish of the week goes to the C.O.T.C. man at the University

of Saskatchewan who allegedly replied, when asked by the Sergeant-Major where the balance of his rifle was: "I don't know, sir. This is all they gave me."—Varsity.

Bob—Were you ever bent on a certain girl?
Harry—No, but I've been broke on lots of them.
—Queen's Journal.

Cinderella: Godmother, must I leave the ball at twelve?
The Good Fairy: "You'll not go at all if you don't stop swearing."
—Acadia Athenaeum.



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This is an open meeting of the McGill Students War Council to which all students are invited.

NO ADMISSION CHARGE

Around the Globe

U.S. Army and Navy Chiefs Relieved of Duties

Admiral H. E. Kimmel and Lt.-Gen. W. C. Short were relieved from their duties in Hawaii, it was announced by Naval Secretary Frank Knox and War Secretary Henry Stimson.

Japs Lose 26 Planes

U.S. bombers destroyed at least 26 enemy planes and set afire enemy fuel supplies, in an assault on Vigan.

Russians Victorious

Six routed German divisions from north of Leningrad to the Black Sea flee without resistance.

Russians Manoeuvre in East

Large scale Red Army manoeuvres are in progress near the Japanese-Manchukuoan border in Siberia.



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IN CHARGE OF THIS ISSUE

Santa Claus

Montreal, Thursday, December 18, 1941
Vol. XXXI—No. 56

Christmas and War

Christmas, the third of the war and the citizens of this continent are hardened of heart as never before in history. One year ago Canada was the only Western Hemisphere nation marching against the common enemy. Today all are in it for the menace of Japan has finally awakened the Americas.

Pearl Harbour, the defence of Hong Kong and Singapore and the constant war in Europe have given us a disposition of steel, a certain determination to finish the job.

Yet listen awhile: in the midst of war's confusion the bells of Christmas are tolling across the snow fields. They tell a story of another world, a world almost years ago. The world of after war. The one for which we all do yearn and fight.

These familiar bells keep alive in us a sense of proportion, a feeling that all is not war, and that there is another side to life.

A wholesome, happy, loving side; a life of peace and joy and hope. A world of justice, honour, and prosperity.

If we lose sight of our ideals, or ever fail to hope that peace may reign, we shall find ourselves embittered, and without a reason left to fight. We shall lose the very war we win, and fail in our greatest task.

Nineteen hundred and forty-one years have passed since the birth of a lowly babe in Bethlehem. Nineteen hundred years in which a Kingdom has been breaking through the mist of hate and war, breaking through just long enough to let man see the way wherein the Kingdom lies.

Christmas is the spirit of giving; giving for the joy of giving. Giving because we have found at Yuletide, that in giving there is a new spark added to our lives. Why not keep this spirit all the year? Surely we would retain that spark and indeed be closer to the Kingdom which we seek.

The New World lies in each of us. If we absorb the spirit of giving, the spirit of giving ourselves where we are needed, of serving our nation to the fullest, of giving our lives to humanity in peace and in war; then we are truly citizens of the New World.

If we are selfish and unloving, and indifferent to the needs of our fellow men and fellow nations, then we are citizens of the old world, the world of war and hate.

Which world will we choose? That is the challenge of Christmas.

A Babe in a manger. A Cross on a hill. The Challenge accepted.

To Speak of Many Things

By ELIE ABEL

New York, December 17.—Reuben Maury, the chief editorial writer of the Daily News, who last year won a Pulitzer Prize for his straight-from-the-shoulder editorial blitz against venereal disease, has made peace with his soul. Mr. Maury, a skilled manipulator of basic English (he seldom uses a trisyllabic word), wrote in Monday morning's News:

"When a nation gets into war, the way to fight is to fight to the hilt, with the remorseless aim of winning the war. It is bad enough to go into a war—any war—but it is infinitely worse to lose it once you are in."

"The time has come for all of us to stand by the President in the general aim of winning the war, while reserving the right—as the English people and press have done throughout the rigors of this war to date—of criticizing government methods of all kinds pertaining to the war effort."

Jekyll-Hyde

Maury, author of the most effective propaganda for isolation published in any American newspaper, used to become, so it was said, another man when battling out a think-piece for Collier's Weekly—the vigorously interventionist magazine. We like to believe that the true Maury is the Maury of Collier's. In either case Mr. Maury need no longer turn intellectual handspins or wrestle with his conscience. Isolationism is dead, the McCormick-Patterson family of newspapers and the Hearst chain too have with considerable grace pocketed their slingshots, laid down their B-B guns, and washed their hands of the mudpile. America faces the enemy as one man. The flame came from far-off Tokyo but America's splintered and jagged parts have become welded together overnight.

Where to Put the Finger.

In the first week of war the country has confessed to her youth. There is a brash, scrambledness to the past few days here. America has shown her heart and betrayed a clumsy sophomoric quality at the same time. America at war has not the poise and the wise dignity of London under the bombs, nor even of Montreal and Toronto in the days when the spirit was at lowest ebb over Dunkirk.

The air raid defense comedy is being played across the country now. Starting with the San Francisco affair on Monday night last the show has been staged in every town on both coasts. And even swagging New York gave way to hysteria and muddleheadedness with the first alarms last week.

Symptoms of Hysteria.

Here are some cuff notes—a sketchy catalogue of systems.

Ad in Thursday's Herald-Tribune: BLACK-OUT CONSULTANT SERVICE. Then a listing of the various blackout plans and their relative costs. Call or write, the ad concludes, the Defense Blackout and Camouflage Company, Inc., 420 Lexington Avenue. . . . At a piano recital in Carnegie Hall the soloist hammers out "The Star Spangled Banner" while a lone quavering soprano helps out from the topmost balcony. Some people form the words with their lips, but utter not a sound. . . . At the Cherry Lane Theatre in New York and at the National Theatre in Washington Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" is hastily swept off the boards. . . . An intelligence officer at Mitchell Field, L.I., where originated the week's three air raid alarms, grudgingly admits that at least two of the "raids" were complete accidents. In one case a minor fire occurred at the field. The fire alarm was sounded and somebody took it for an air-raid siren. In some manner it was passed along to the New York police. As a result and in the twinkling of an eye downtown New York was peering furtively skyward and making tracks for the nearest subway station. . . . While in Washington, during a blackout, some moron takes axe in hand and chops down four of the Japanese cherry trees that ring the Tidal basin of the Potomac. He leaves a sign reading: "TO HELL WITH THOSE JAPANESE."

Victory in '42.

This will be the last column of 1941. Many thanks to the few who sometimes turn to this spot on the page and visit with us. We're homeward bound for the holiday come next week-end with high hopes of a snowy Montreal Christmas. To our many friends at Old McGill and to the Daily's bright young crew, a very merry Christmas and a victorious New Year.

The Forge

The "Forge", McGill's literary magazine has this year overcome one of its major difficulties of former issues. There is exhibited in this latest issue a broader editorial imagination in the selection of the material. The result is a more representative range of literary taste.

The table of contents separates the material into the three divisions of fiction, poetry, and articles. For purposes of coherence it will be easiest to review the contributions under those headings.

The most remarkable of the short stories is Robert Simpson's "Of Time and Mr. Aaronson." In the title the author makes his only concession to convention. Here, whether through a typesetter's oversight or no, the only capitalization appears. Simpson departs from the conventional machinery of literature into the unpunctuated forest of Joyce-like prose. Since Simpson makes no apparent effort toward conscious rhythmic word groupings, his reason for employing this device is obscure; particularly in view of the fact that the story makes easy and more than ordinarily interesting reading after the reader has taken the trouble to punctuate the untrammelled sentences himself. Perhaps the explanation lies in the "Notes on

Contributors" in which Simpson says that he is in his work a "theorist." "Unto Caesar" by Dmitri Panos is a well-developed, almost mathematically precise story built around a theme stark in its essential brutality. The author has a simplicity of expression that, without deliberately aiming at arousing an emotional reaction, manages to arouse one.

"The Black Wall" by Tom Mulligan begins in the engaging vein of an Anderson fairy tale and rebounds a fable-like story fully equipped with a moral which is obvious but subtle enough to be unobjectionable.

E. E. Shall's "Refugee" is a short story in the plotless Saroyan tradition of disconnected but related phrases.

The first poem to appear is Mary Margaret Miller's "The Plight of the Revellers." This poem has a peculiar construction and gives the uneasy impression of implied but obscure symbolism. In the hope that it will not reflect too damagingly on either the intellectual awareness or the critical judgment of the reviewer, he should like to say that the point of the poem is indeterminate and not easily comprehended. "Sections of City" by Bruce Ruddick is a series of three brief and effective metropolitan scenes! Impressionist glances at various phases of life contribute to this part of what the reader is led to believe is an incomplete whole.

"Tommy Decker's Adventure" is a well-sustained piece of work written in rollicking rhymed couplets. As with his prose contribution, it deals with Newfoundland sea-ways. The use of touches of local dialect has an authentic ring which adds interest to the theme. The other poems include a sonnet by A. M. Oliver, which has the virtue of logical development, and "Sunset" by Phoebe Fitz which displays the consistent evolution of a basically interesting idea.

In the final grouping, "Articles," J. D. Cambridge contributes a well-written article entitled "The New England College" which traces the histories of several celebrated institutions of learning. It is a witty account written from personal observation.

Irving Layton, writing on Harold Laski poses the questions of the new England and the conditions that will have to be met after the war is over, and manages a lucid prose style with a profound knowledge of his subject.

Glen Cowan brings a welcome piece of realism in an article on Student Government.

An interesting new feature of this year's Forge is the addition of semi-biographical notes on the contributors. In several cases they served as an elucidating preface to the contributions.

—M. S. W.

Static

by mike

Program Review:

No Time For Pity produced by Rupert Caplan on the CBC Drama Hour, Sunday at 10 p.m.

Cast: Eleanor Stuart, Marcella Butler, Roehberta Beatty, Mrs. Basil Donn, Ivor Francis.

This original radio script by Percy Jacobson, Montreal author, should draw much favourable comment from listeners. Very well written, it received a first rate production at the hands of Rupert Caplan and his small but well picked cast. Just as last week's show could not draw praise for individual performances No Time For Pity gave those two veteran actresses, Roehberta Beatty and Eleanor Stuart, a field day for their talents. It was wonderful just to hear these two run through their lines with such professional ease and draw out every last drop of characterization.

Producer Caplan handled the show in his best manner and knit the whole into a well finished production. The pacing was smooth and music breaks were not used once during the course of the show. Ivor Francis turned in a well thought out and beautifully handled portrait of the young boy who is held from enlisting by his invalid mother. A veteran radio actor and announcer one comes to expect this type of performance from Ivor, even though he is still in his early twenties. . . . who knows he may yet be the Canadian Orson Welles. Marcella Butler, Caplan's young and pretty actress gave a creditable performance as the young girl who is to marry Francis. Mrs. Basil Donn, a veteran actress, was excellent in her bit as the servant.

The story concerns the ties an invalid mother has on her son. He wants to join the air force and go overseas but she pleads that it would kill her and so holds him by her, until her sister-in-law returns from England and threatens to expose how her husband killed himself on November 11, 1918, because she would not let him go. Under this threat she finally agrees to let her son join up. You will see that there is nothing very original in the plot. But Jacobson's treatment of the theme gives an altogether different picture of things. His script is well written, well paced and the entrance of the war into the story brings a timely and new twist to the unfolding of the plot.

All in all this was one of the better Canadian dramas to be featured on this series.

Comedy Show to Appear on Dec. 25 Wants Audience. . . .

Twenty students are needed to round out an audience for the big CBC variety and comedy show, which will be presented from the CBC studios in Montreal. Instructions to this columnist are that the twenty should have fairly loud deep voices, no falsettos allowed. Those who wish to attend should be at the studios before the time of the show. No time is definitely set as yet but watch the radio page for further details.

The audience will be allowed in the studio and will be able to join in the fun. Students are invited to bring along their feminine friends but remember the first twenty get the choice. The place CBC studios, King's Hall building, 1231 St. Catherine St. W. The date December 25. We'll be seeing you.

Desi Halban Will Sing On CBC Symphonic Hour. . . .

Desi Halban famous Dutch soprano will sing

Mumbling Mick

I
'Twas the night before Christmas,
When all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring;
Not even a mouse.

II
'Twas the night before New Year's,
And all through the house,
Every creature was stirring—
Even the HOUSE.

Dec. 24, 1941.

Mr. S. Claus,
G.T. Eaton Co. Ltd.,
St. Catherine St. W.,
Montreal.

Dear Mr. Claus:

May I draw your attention to the fact that this year, unlike the past, I have refrained from sending you my usual Christmas list. This is due to laxity on my part, and at this late date, (Dec. 24th), I do not wish to burden you unduly with one, for you are doubtless overburdened as it is.

In order to simplify matters, I have taken the liberty of hanging on the mantelpiece one pair of ladies' silk stockings.

Get it?

Yours truly,

MICK.

P.S. Gentlemen prefer blonds, but I'm not that fussy.

First Voice: "HO! HO! HO! HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW!"

Second Voice: "Who's downstairs?"

First Voice: "HO! HO! HO! HAW! HAW! HAW! HAW!"

Second Voice: "What's so funny?"

First Voice: "Nothing! HAW! HO! HO! HO! I'm stuck in the chimney and BWAHAHA! HAWWWW! HAWWWW! HAW! HAW! HAW! it tickles like HELL!"

Dear Mick:

What do Platonic lovers do when the clock strikes midnight on New Year's Eve? What else?

LOUIS.

Dear Louis:

Just look at her and say: "Happy New Year, I guess."

As to what else, you might add: "Yea, I guess."

If she isn't a Platonic lover, don't say: "Happy New Year!" say: Happy New Year!"

Better still, don't SAY anything.

MICK.

"Darling, for your Christmas present I'll let you marry me!"
Oh h... Sadie Hawkins is here again!

Let us consider Santa Claus:
He has no claws;
He travels with the speed of light;
But there's no light at night;
Sometimes he's invisible;
It seems he is divisible;
Of Santas there's but one, and yet,
I've seen him off in duplicate;
He has a one horse open sled,
But uses reindeer instead;
He comes around on Christmas Eve. . . .
Geeee, I wish he'd bring me Eve!

Musical Notes

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

When the heavy gold curtains of the Metropolitan Opera House rise on the third performance of Mozart's LE NOZZE DI FIGARO, the event will be of especial interest. First, because it will be the first occasion on which the Mozart masterpiece will be reaching the ears of countless millions in the Western and Eastern Hemispheres.

with the CBC Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Jean Beaudet on Monday, Dec. 29 at 10 p.m. from Plateau Auditorium. The concert is open to the public.

Miss Halban left Holland when the Nazis began their invasion and arrived in America a short time later. She is very famous in Europe and is now in New York, where she is appearing over NBC.

On Dec. 22 Mr. Beaudet will lead the orchestra and choir in a rendition of Cesar Franck's Redemption.

Columbia School of the Air to Present Gay Madelon from Montreal.

The Columbia School of the Air moves to Montreal Dec. 18 to present Gay Madelon a book by Ethel Calvert Phillips from the CBC Montreal studios. The program will be under the direction of Rupert Caplan, and will include a cast mostly made up of French actors.

Genette Letondal, who will appear on the show is a well known juvenile on the French network and recently went to Hollywood in connection with some moving picture work.

Sign Off.

And now as we sign off we send the seasons greetings to our readers and wish them all the best in the coming examinations, with the admonition. . . "Don't forget to study with the radio on."

in the 1941-42 season of the Metropolitan; and secondly, because this year is the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Mozart's death.

Yes, it was but one hundred and fifty years ago—on November 21st to be exact—when a pale, slender young man of thirty-five stumbled listlessly to his seat in a Vienna tavern. A sudden chill seized him and he staggered home. Just two weeks later, he died a victim of malignant typhus, aggravated by overwork and nourishment.

Burdened with the majestic title of Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus Gottlieb Sigismund Mozart at birth, this boy fulfilled—nay surpassed—the hopes his distinguished father placed in him. At four he was astounding his hearers with his playing, improvising and composing. At twelve he produced his opera BASTIEN UND BASTIENNE and at fourteen he was presented with the Order of the Golden Spur by Pope Clement XIV.

You probably would not have turned around to look at him: a small, insignificant, pale-faced man with a large head, weak eyes, a high forehead, full lips and prominent nose. His blonde hair was neatly brushed into the queue of his time, his coat was cut with a high collar, he wore a lace full at the throat.

This man, who had brought some of the finest music into the world, could hardly buy wood for his stove, and it is related how once he and his wife were found dancing together to keep warm. Leaving behind him a walnut pianoforte, six coats, a viola valued at some two dollars, over a hundred dollars worth of tailors' bills and forty-six books including his childhood algebra, a Latin bible, an English philosophy book, some French and Italian works, volumes of poetry, biography and travel, and scores of Bach, Gluck, Handel and his own manuscripts, he died unmourned by the world.

Thus lived and thus died this man; the elegant gentleman of his century; the improvident victim of an age when art was underpaid and often unrecognized; the child who never grew old; the civilized and exquisite mind, the immortal musician; the inventor of a tradition he was to develop to a perfection no one else has ever reached; the master mind who succumbed to malignant typhus fever on December 5th, 1791, and was buried in a common grave along with others of the Viennese poor who had been victims of the epidemic.

This season we are to hear a part from NOZZE DI FIGARO, DON GIOVANNI and THE MAGIC FLUTE in a revised English version conducted by Bruno Walter.

Saturday's cast includes such notables as Elizabeth Reithberg as the Countess, Bida Sayao as Susanna, Rise Stevens as Cerubino, Irra Petina as Marcellina, Marita Farrell as Barbarina, Annamary Dickey and Helen Olheim as two peasant girls. In the masculine section are featured Ezio Pinza as Figaro, John Brownlee as Almaviva, the ever popular Salvatore Baccaloni as Bartolo, Alessio de Paolis as Basilio, Louis d'Angelo as Antonio and George Rasely as Don Curzio.

The greatest tribute will be paid Mozart this year when his music goes out to countless millions and who would allege that a more fitting tribute could be paid to the great master than the humble oblation of millions at the gleaming shrine of his genius?

R. P. S.

PRINCIPLE OF VARIATION IS HEART OF GOOD STUDYING, SAYS COLIN CORKUM, VARSITY SUPER STUDENT

For the past two successive Mondays, Collin J. Corkum has ably presented to a group of interested students some ideas which, if followed or adopted and followed, will make for more efficient study and better memory. Which, of course, are essential if we are to be successful here at Varsity.

Collin has had considerable experience in this work, and had worked out some very interesting practical ways of study. He's tried them, and they were found not to be lacking. We who attended his lectures came away enthused, and are putting his ideas into practice. You can believe me when I say they are good.

Collin makes his points more clear by practical application to various subjects. Last Monday during the lecture he illustrated how the ideas could be applied to Zoology.

"The principle of variation is that upon which we should base our studies. Some people should not attempt to spend more than half an hour at a time. After the first half-hour the mind reaches a point of saturation. At this point the mind works more efficiently if it can tackle another subject. Then when the mind tackles the first problem again, it will approach it from a new viewpoint. Thus it is possible for the mind to have a more thorough knowledge of the subject at hand than if forced to concentrate for some length of time without a break."

This subject matter was not as

boring as you may think. It was given, as was said before, a very practical application. This is only one of Collin's many ideas.

In the future lectures, while presenting different ideas, Collin plans to illustrate their application to various subjects. If the subject that worries you is in another field than what he deals with, Collin will willingly show you how the principle at hand can be applied to your particular case.

The last lecture before Christmas will be this coming Monday, December 8, at 7.30, in Room 143 Arts. These lectures are free of charge and, as Collin says, the more out the better. You will be free to ask any questions regarding your study problems or any point in his lecture. It is still not too late to apply these ideas before the Christmas exams. It might be added that Collin plans to continue these lectures after Christmas.—Gateway.

Please!
No!
Pretty please?
Positively no! I said no!
Aw, please, maw, all the other boys are going barefoot.
—Queen's Journal.

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Air Force Humbles Macdonald in Bruising Hockey Match

High Sticks and Heavy Checking Feature 2-0 Tilt

Spotlight on Sports by wyc

MacDonald and Hall Star For Victors

Our original plan was not to invade the gay air of a Christmas issue with the usual arguments put forward in this weekly column. We have just completed reading several columns from rival college papers, however, and it appears that indirectly, or otherwise, McGill have come in for a considerable amount of ridicule concerning the recent student poll on intercollegiate sports.

The main objection which appears to arise from these strong silent men with the pen seems to be that the students in general are not able to answer the questions put forward in the poll with any degree of knowledge on the matter. We would like to point out to these objectors that the answer "undecided" was clearly put down as a possible reply to each of the questions. Therefore, anyone, who felt that he or she did not have the necessary information to answer a question was free to reply in this vein.

As the poll stated, it served only as a student opinion questionnaire, and was designed to reflect the opinion, only, of the majority of college students. There is no reason to believe that the poll did not fulfil this purpose and as such the results from this poll deserve the attention of the forthcoming meeting of the Board of Reference, which we understand it will receive.

A second objection to the recent poll which has been coming in from other colleges seems to be that it merely asked the student's opinion on matters, which are already a reality. In raising this objection these writers point out that the majority of the colleges are already participating in exhibition games with outside colleges.

A reply to this statement makes it necessary for us to point out to these writers that by an agreement reached at the meeting of the Board of Reference last summer the four colleges concerned consented to restrict their sports to "local" exhibition games, and while there may be some doubt as to what constitutes a "local" exhibition game, nevertheless, it appears that colleges bringing in outside teams for exhibition games are stretching a point.

Secondly, it is specifically stated in the present agreement that exhibition games are not to be played between McGill, Toronto, Queen's, and Western, and it was the purpose of the recent poll to find out if the students in general would not rather have a limited number of games with those colleges than the present system of exhibition games, for which the students cannot seem to work up any enthusiasm.

As we all know, the results of the poll show that the students would like exhibition games between these colleges rather than the present brand, and plans have been drawn up for a suggestion to be presented to the forthcoming meeting of the Board of Reference, whereby the present "local" exhibition games would be superseded by a home and home exhibition series between two of the colleges concerned in each sport.

Now, with this off our minds we would like to wish one and all a Very Merry Christmas and

A superior Air Force hockey team crushed the men from Macdonald in a bruising hockey tilt yesterday afternoon at the Forum by the score of 2 to 0. The game was rough from the very beginning as the Macmen neglected to follow the puck with their sticks, and often tried to follow an opponent's head. The men in blue, on the other hand, made use of their weight in doing some heavy body-checking. The result can hardly be called a conscientious hockey game, and this is shown by the scarcity of goals. For the Air Force however it was just what they needed to sweep them into first place, tied with the Marines.

AIRMAN SCORE

The game started off fast and furious, with the under-handed Air Force team seeking first blood. In this they were successful as Bill MacDonald scored the initial goal five minutes after the start of the game, capturing Hall's pass for the shot. After this both teams were pretty busy looking after their own welfare and the business of adding to the goal total didn't fare so well. As a matter of fact, though both sides had several fast forwards, no more goals seeped through the nets until the middle of the last period. At this time Johnnie Hall came through for the final goal of the game, MacDonald and Young garnering assists. This made the score 2-0 in favor of the Air Force. A lot of excitement was caused later on in the period as two Airmen, Young and Hylands, were banished by the referee for two minutes at the same time, and the Macmen put on the pressure. However no goals were scored and the game ended favourably for the Air Force.

All in all the game showed more body contact than any other game having taken place on the campus recently. The Macmen may be trying to build up a fearful reputation on the rink, but their hockey did not show any ability which might be called more than fair. High sticks resulted in a number of minor arguments, while towards the end of the game a few blows were exchanged. From this MacDonald emerged as the only casualty, sporting a cut on the nose, and bruises behind the ear and on the arm. The Airmen collected in all three penalties, the Mac team, one.

Yesterday's game placed the Air Force team in a tie for first place with the Marines, but in virtue of their larger goal total they are somewhat ahead. As for the Macmen, they have played two games, both of which they have lost, as a result of which they reside in the cellar of the league.

GAME CANCELED

Today the game which was scheduled to take place at the Forum between the Navy and Infantry will not take place. Due to the Russian War Relief Rally taking place at the Forum the hockey fixture has been postponed till after the holidays.

Scoring Was as Follows:

First Period.
1—Air Force, Bill MacDonald (Hall) 5:10
Penalties: None.
Second Period.
No score.
Penalties: Pontbriand.
Third Period.
2—Air Force, John Hall (MacDonald, Young) 15:00
Penalties: Young, Hylands.

a Hoppy New Year, and, oh yes, Good luck in those exams.

Cowan Plans Entry In Hamilton Harrier

McGill's Dunlop winner, Glenn Cowan, has decided to compete in a ten mile race on New Year's Day at Hamilton, Ontario, his home town. In that race, the best of Canada's distance runners will be competing and Cowan's task will be a difficult one. In addition this will be his first ten mile race, since he has not as yet tried a canter of over 5 miles, the traditional Harrier distance.

The race is to be run from Hamilton's Y.M.C.A. to the town of Dundas and back. The course is run on the road and contains a few extremely difficult hills. Should Cowan win he will have established himself as one of the best Eastern Canadian middle-distance runners of the year. Still in reasonably good condition, Glenn will start serious training again this week.

Engineers Fight Hard At Assault

T.K.O.'s. Feature Tuesday's Boxing Bouts

On Tuesday night, the second round of the Intercompany Assault-at-Arms and Smoker was run off, with the engineers forming an appreciative audience. Professors Kelly and McKergow acted as judges of the events, with the latter doing the honours as M.C. and choir leader.

Four boxing bouts and two wrestling matches were held, while the fencers advanced into the final pool. The climax of the evening's entertainment was the melee in which about fifteen enterprising second year engineers, and two or three of their elders, took part. The rules of the event were not published, but anything went. No one dared be referee, and the battle continued long after the combatants left the ring.

TULLY, OTIS DEMONSTRATE

The McGill fencing coach, George Tully, put on an exhibition foil bout with Charlie Otis towards the end of the evening. The gymnasts were also represented by John Foster, who performed on the high bar to the accompaniment of appropriate sound effects by some wit in the band.

The boxing opened with Gurdian taking the decision over Goats in the 125 lb. class. Then Elliott did the same thing to McKellar, the Pride of Engineering '44, with a considerable blood-letting. In the 145 pounders, Taylor of E Company finished his opponent in the third with a technical K.O. Trigrinne went two better by battering Campbell into submission in the first round.

MATMEN WELL MATCHED

Mendell and Suzena each got a fall in the wrestling bouts, in a lengthy encounter, while Sabbath beat Graham also by a decision. The fencing went on mainly in the B.W. & F. room, but the matches put on in the ring gained an enthusiastic round of applause.

Tonight's smoker will get under way at 8.00 p.m. Although the event is for D and F companies, all those who would like to go will be welcome. A bigger and better program is planned, and the final bouts should prove interesting.

The results of Tuesday's assault were as follows:

BOXING

125 pounds — Gurdian defeated Coats, 3 rounds, decision.
135 pounds — Elliott defeated McKellar, 3 rounds, decision.
147 pounds — Taylor defeated Whitby, T.K.O., 3rd round.
160 pounds — Trigrinne defeated Campbell, T.K.O., 1st round.

WRESTLING

155 pounds — Mendell beat Suzena, decision after each scored a fall.
145 pounds — Sabbath beat Graham, decision.

FENCING

Pool 1
1—L. Gabinsky (Mac).
2—R. Kovacs (McGill).
3—E. Crowther (McGill).
4—N. Stark (Mac).

Pool 2

1—A. Bralinin (McGill).
2—J. McLintosh (Mac).
3—L. Jones (Mac).
4—G. Grimaldi (McGill).

Final Pool

1—L. Gabinsky (Mac).
2—A. Bralinin (McGill).
3—J. McLintosh (Mac).
4—R. Kovacs (McGill).

Vacation Ski Meets Are Planned by Outdoor Club

Will Hold Tour and Competitive Events

McGill outdoor men can look forward to an enjoyable, active season of winter skiing, if present plans of the Outdoor Club run true to schedule. One of the initial features will be the holiday-time ski tour in the Laurentians, to be held on December 28th.

EASY TERRAIN

The route of this first tour has been specially planned so as to give both the experienced and the inexperienced skier a chance to enjoy the fun and scenery to the utmost. Twelve miles of easy cross-country skiing have been chosen by the Committee of Trips and Trails, so no member of the Club need fear the fate of being left behind and having to fight it out with hungry timber wolves. Novices from Fred Urquhart's indoor training class are therefore invited.

Notices are posted in most of the Campus buildings, and everyone intending to go are expected to sign their names to the lists, and any further information can be obtained from Johnny Brett at HA. 0008 or DE. 8265 in the evenings.

Two more meets will be held at St. Sauveur during the Christmas vacation, on December 27th and 30th. These will be mainly for competitive skiers, with a downhill and a slalom each day. A cabin will also be available.

MEMBERS OBTAIN CARDS

Membership cards have recently been issued by the executive, and may be procured from any of the following: Shirley Jackson, Elsey Detmers, Joan Anderson, Reed Hyde, Earl Morris, Jack Baily, and Geoff Hughson. Reed Hyde, the Club President, asks that all who turned out to the organization meetings obtain their cards as soon as possible, in order that these plans for a skiing holiday may become a successful reality. Now that a good fall of snow is actually here, McGill skiers are busy getting their equipment in shape, and a few enthusiasts were seen practicing on Mount Royal last week-end. These Christmas meets promise to reveal plenty of talent and stiff competition.

GYMNASIUM HOURS

The gymnasium will be open for use during the Holiday Season.
Mondays—9.00 a.m. to 6.00 p.m.
Tuesdays—9.00 a.m. to 6.00 p.m.
Wednesdays—9.00 a.m. to 1.00 p.m.
Fridays—9.00 a.m. to 6.00 p.m.
Saturdays—9.00 a.m. to 10.30 p.m.

OUTING CLUB

The Outing Club pins have arrived and may be obtained from the Athletic Office.

Sports Today

BOXING

5.15 p.m.
Workout

WEIGHTLIFTING

5.15 p.m.
Workout

BASKETBALL

5.10 p.m.
G-2 vs. C-1—Goddard
6.00 p.m.
F-2 vs. A-3—Goddard
E-3 vs. COTC 2—Holdridge

Sports Tomorrow

FENCING

5.15 p.m.
Practice

GYMNASTICS

5.00 p.m.
Workout

WEIGHTLIFTING

5.00 p.m.
Workout

Snowflakes by J.B.

Now that reports filtering into town from the skiing front indicate that there is just enough of that longed-for substance to hide the grass, the outing club looks forward to a long and happy season of re-assembling their victims when they get inextricably tangled with the trees gracing our northern landscape. Now that the snow is here again to stay, it is high time that all loyal McGillites should be thinking of skis and boots and of fresh fuel for the battle of the waxes. Skis which have been laying in dusty attics or behind furnaces all summer had better be given a beauty treatment, said treatment to consist of a loving touch with a blow-torch and many mysterious ingredients ranging from coal-tar to Wonderwax, Kilster, Oestbye, etc., etc.

Shifting to a more serious vein, the McGill Outing Club has undergone a rejuvenative treatment of its own. It has a brand new constitution calling for organized activities on a much greater scale than before. Camping trips, canoe trips, rock-climbing expeditions and even Arctic exploration have been discussed at one time or another. Insofar as most of us at college are concerned, tours for both the proficient skier and the goofer constitute the main item on the agenda.

Those who took part in the trips last year will be able to tell the newcomer of many a thrilling schuss between snow-laden pines, of dodging human obstacles and of the supreme comfort of relaxing before a roaring fire-place when the day is done. You're glad to crawl into bed at 10.00, but somehow you're rarin' to go at the crack of dawn, after a breakfast in which the porridge tastes like bacon and vice-versa. You eat little, but after an hour on the trail, you'll be wishing you could sit down to a couple of banquets and knowing you could do the chef justice.

By the time lunch rolls around, doubts assail you as to the relative sizes of those few sandwiches so carefully prepared and that gnawing feeling in your stomach. The more experienced tourers will always extol on the extra energy and especially the vitamins supplied by the wax and the pine-needles that somehow always find their way into tea prepared over an open fire. It has been rumored that one outdoors man claims to be able to supply tea to a clamouring bunch of thirsty skiers in twenty-five minutes flat from the time he starts collecting the wood. He is hereby appointed fire-in-chief and may heaven help him if he have to wait one second more.

With Mother Nature's help, the club plans to run two trips during the vacations. The first will be on the 26th, and is scheduled to start (Continued on Page Six)

★ GIFTS HE WILL APPRECIATE

TIES NEW DESIGNS IN SILK FOULARDS—SILK AND WOOL AND CREASE-RESISTING FABRICS
55c to \$1.25

1461 McGill College Ave.

Standings and Schedules

HOCKEY STANDINGS

	P.	W.	L.	F.	A.	P.
Air Force	3	2	1	15	8	4
Marines	3	2	1	11	11	4
Navy	1	0	6	3	2	
Infantry	2	1	12	18	2	
Artillery	3	1	2	17	15	2
Macdonald	2	0	2	1	8	0

BASKETBALL STANDINGS

A Coy.		C Coy.	
A-1.....	15 pts.	C-1.....	0 pts.
A-2.....	15 pts.	C-2.....	0 pts.
A-3.....	0 pts.	C-3.....	15 pts.
Total.....	30 pts.	Total.....	15 pts.
D Coy.		E Coy.	
D-1.....	30 pts.	E-1.....	10 pts.
D-2.....	0 pts.	E-2.....	20 pts.
D-3.....	0 pts.	E-3.....	20 pts.
Total.....	30 pts.	Total.....	70 pts.
F Coy.		G Coy.	
F-1.....	20 pts.	G-1.....	25 pts.
F-2.....	25 pts.	G-2.....	20 pts.
F-3.....	30 pts.	G-3.....	25 pts.
Total.....	75 pts.	Total.....	70 pts.
C.O.T.C.		Independents	
C.O.T.C.-1.....	0 pts.	Ind.-1.....	20 pts.
C.O.T.C.-2.....	5 pts.	Ind.-2.....	30 pts.
Total.....	5 pts.	Ind.-3.....	10 pts.
		Ind.-4.....	20 pts.
		Ind.-5.....	15 pts.
		Ind.-6.....	20 pts.
Total.....	5 pts.	Total.....	115 pts.

ASSAULT AT ARMS

All boxers, fencers, and wrestlers who are appearing in tonight's program, as well as those who have

Coed Sports Schedule Today

Archery	4.00-6.00 p.m.
Lower Gym	7.00 p.m.
Swimming	Y.W.C.A.
Badminton	7.30 p.m.
Currie Gym	

already appeared, are asked to report to their respective coaches in the Locker Room not later than 7.45 p.m.

The following men are particularly requested to be present: Gilles Trigrinne, H. Ott, S. P. Rubec, R. W. McKinnon, J. Dixon, Bud Elliott,

Invitation TO GOOD FOOD

All the gang say: "Honey Dew for us." The reason: First-class food perfectly prepared. Drop in today.

HONEY DEW

A Stone's Throw from the Campus

EATON'S

McGILL BLAZERS

Expertly tailored, with McGill crest embroidered on pocket.

Red, for the undergraduate - - - 10.00
Blue, for the graduate - - - 13.50

N.B.—Blazers sold only to persons bearing official order.

THE OFFICIAL MCGILL BLAZER

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Sold Exclusively by
T. EATON CO. LTD.

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT . . .

. . . we've solved your New Year's Eve problem. Don't worry about what to do on the big night—just glance over the little piece of condensed propaganda below, and be convinced.

Allan McColl
Neil Compton
Gordon Mackey

Love,
The Squires.

- **WHO? WHEN? WHERE?**—The Squires Frolic — Victoria Hall, Westmount — New Year's Eve—10.00 p.m. to 3.00 a.m.
- **MUSIC**—By the Stardusters—your favourite band for 1942. Vocals by Norah McCourt and Gil Mackenzie.
- **FOOD**—A candlelight supper served by one of Montreal's finest caterers.
- **DAMAGE**—\$6.50 per couple, tax included!
- **FEATURES**—Novelties aplenty . . . dress optional . . . imaginative lighting by Bradley . . . the entire building at your disposal.
- **TICKETS**—See Neil Compton (Arts '43), Gordon Mackey (Eng. '45) or Ian Hellyer (Com. '43)—or phone WA. 1779.

WHERE'S JOE?

Gone for a DOW

"Ladies go for my coiffures—but my permanent rave is DOW!"

More people are discovering every day that Dow is the finest tasting ale they ever drank

INTERCOMPANY POINT STANDING

	A	C	D	E	F	G	Ind	MAF	COTC
Fouch Rugby	20	0	15	55	35	15	0	0	0
Soccer	0	45	15	40	0	0	0	0	0
Harrier	67	34	1	6	7	16	13	0	0
Track	88	28	11	15	66	46	97	0	0
Rugby	74	126	106	14	70	60	146	0	130
Swimming	17	18	0	14	50	20	0	23	14
Golf	32	3	10	15	1	70	0	0	0
Badminton	12	27	12	13	19	25	0	0	0
Basketball	21	17	33	55	44	80	55	0	7
Softball	43	33	90	100	50	58	40	0	0
Hockey	29	7	24	9	22	15	20	4	35
Squash	0	0	22	21	0	35	21	0	7
Total	393	338	332	352	378	371	462	27	193

The Company points for Badminton, Basketball, Hockey and Squash are points to date and are not final results.

Treat Yourself to a Y.M.C.A. Membership

An investment in Health

Excellent Gym. Handball and Swimming
Facilities available 9 a.m. to 10.30 p.m. daily, except Sunday

Rate to June 1st \$ 6.50
One Year 10.00

A Sensible, Satisfying Christmas Gift

CENTRAL Y.M.C.A.

1441 Drummond St.

MA. 8331

Decorating a Tree

(Continued from Page One.)

garnishing, and yet what joy and gladness it imparts to young and old alike. With pity, however, and with sorrow must we admit that some do not enjoy in its full-



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Suits Complete
Perfect Condition

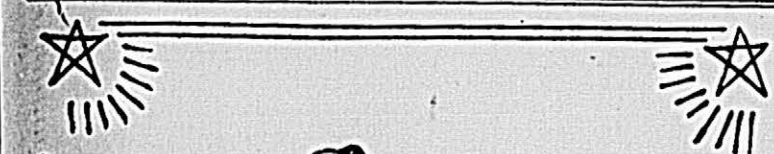
Size 38

AT. 5277



It stands right at the top!
And it's Silent!
Here's the finest Corona
portable, with Floating Shift,
Piano-Key Action, Inter-
changeable Platen, and
many other valuable typing
helps.

Wm. M. Hall & Co. Reg'd.
511 McGill St. MA. 1295



THIS YEAR EVERYBODY IS GIVING THE FAMOUS

Laura Secord CANDIES

When you step into a spot-
lessly white Laura Secord Shop,
your visit will be made doubly
pleasant by the personal and
courteous interest shown in
your wants by each Laura
Secord saleslady. It is a service
born of a desire to see that you
get what you want as promptly
and as pleasantly as possible.

ness this noble practice; nay, some
do not even know of it. And so, for
those who are wanting of this true
rapture, it is here set forth how a
Christmas tree should be decorated.

The prime requisite is, naturally,
the tree itself. A fir-tree (genus
Abies) or a Spruce (genus Picea)
is to be procured, along with a
stand in which to mount it. Manu-
factured, Christmas-tree holders
may be readily purchased, or even
a bucket of coals can be made use
of; in deficit of a stand a novel
effect may be achieved by suspend-
ing the tree top-down from the
ceiling.

Once the main actor of the drama
—so to speak—is in position, the
various decorations must be ap-
plied. Paper ropes, "icicles" (trade
name) tinkle bells and tinsel balls
are the usual type of cosmetics for
trees, but, if they are well-preserved,
fall-red maple leaves constitute
an intriguing addition, as do
bunches of grapes, oranges, carrots
or other colourful comestibles. In
like vein candy canes may be em-
ployed for ornate ends, but it is
perhaps better to consign these later
to the regions whither they are
generally fated. Some method of
lighting ought also to be arranged.

First the paper ropes must be
applied. These, remember, are the
ties that bind of the tree. Woven
around and around, corseting the
whole to unity and beauty of form,
they are the foundations of the
finished product's supple grace, and
special care should be given to the
fitting.

Next the decoration proper must
be disseminated with proper taste
over the branches. They are to be
placed where they will most en-
hance the finest points, the most
graceful lines, and the handsomest
features of the form. It must, while
these are being mounted, be re-
membered that the decor makes the
tree.

And last the lights are to be put
on. Electric illumination is beauti-
fully practical, and the dressing al-
ready applied is heightened the
more by it, as a becoming dress is
imparted an indefinable something
by a diamond necklace, or a lapdog
by a large red bow. More pictur-
esque, however, are candlelights,
since they are more traditional, and,
if left burning for a while, they
are truly lovely.

If one follows these directions
minutely, one's tree cannot help
but be a blaze of glory.

And so we bid farewell to the
art of decorating a Christmas tree,
with the fond hope that we are all
of us better men and women for
having made its acquaintance.

Xmas Tree Legends

(Continued from Page One.)

mas, how it is revered by many
people in many nations is vividly
recounted by such writers as
Goethe, Dickens and Voltaire.

Centred about these traditions,
much legend and romance has
evolved. The origin of these tradi-
tions, though veiled in historic ob-
scurity, can be traced to certain
customs practised by pagans. The
Romans, for example, adorned their
houses with trees and winter vege-
tation, on the Kalends of January;
this they thought would bring
blessings on the home. The Druids,
on the other hand, worshipped the
oak trees and about this practise
an interesting legend is told; Win-
fred, an Englishman who had gone

to Germany to spread the teachings
of Jesus, found a group of wor-
shippers gathered at the oak of
Geismar about to sacrifice the little
prince Asulf to the God Thor. Win-
fred averted the death blow and
cut down the "blood" oak. As it
fell a young fir tree appeared,
which the missionary declared was
the tree of life of Christ of whose
birth he then told the people.

The first mention of the fir tree
used to celebrate Christmas is
given in the 16th century writings
of an obscure German author. He
describes the event as having
caused much stir in the little village
of Strassbourg, but in spite of the
criticisms the custom persisted and
it became quite widespread during
succeeding centuries. The Christ-
mas tree is supposed to have been
imported into England by the
Prince Consort Albert of Sachsen-
Coburg in 1840 while the Duchess
Helena of Orleans brought it to
France, in 1830.

Numerous stories are told about
the Christmas tree; for example
Carl Breiten has described the cele-
bration of Christmas among the
Germans at Sebastopol. The fir tree
upon which candles were placed
caught fire and lighted the way for
Russian artillery. The entire de-
tachment was wiped out. In "The
New Man" by Herman Bahr, the
tree is used as a symbol of man's
affection for the old customs of
childhood, while in Hauptmann's
"Festival of Peace" it is the token
of peace which two blessed women,
mother and daughter, carry into a
family which has been at war with
itself and with the world.

Numerous legendary stories are
told of the origin of the tree; one
concerning Luther is of interest.
One Christmas Eve Luther was
wandering across country. Clear
and pure, the setting sun arched
over the hills. The branches of a
lonely fir tree glowed with a beau-
tiful saffron hue and so impressed
Luther that when he got home he
immediately went out and cut a
fir tree in the neighbouring wood
and, covering it with small candles,
placed it in his living room in order
to give his family an idea of the
beauty of the scene he beheld. This
legend probably took its source
from a picture by Schwertgeburth
in which Luther is depicted with
his family beside a Christmas tree.

How the Christmas tree was im-
ported from Sweden into Germany
is told in the following legend. Dur-
ing the 30-Years War in the
Autumn of 1632 occurred the Battle
of Luttenhad in which Gustavus
Adolphus had been killed. For
many months wounded soldiers
were quartered in the neighbour-
hood. In Lindenau a Swedish offi-
cer who had been shot, was nursed
by the people of the village. He
healed quickly and at Christmas he
wanted to thank the people in some
tangible way; so he arranged a
Christmas festival, as he used to
know it. He got permission and
celebrated the Holy Day, for the
first time using the Christmas tree.

Countless other legends could be
told but it is left to the reader to
create some news ones this Christ-
mas when they are decorating their
tree.

Mock Parliament Session To Be Held Tonight

(Continued from Page Three)

speech, the Leader of the Opposi-
tion will answer the Prime Min-
ister, and in a short statement, will
voice his opinion as representative
of more radical elements in the
country as to the positive qualities
and the less meritorious points of
the proposition. It is thought that
he will demand a more definite and
far-reaching program.

The Minister of National Defence
will also be called upon to express
his views. Five minutes will be al-
lowed for his speech.

According to the latest informa-
tion, the cabinet will consist of: S.
D. Boss, Marine and Fisheries;
Ruth Hill, Labour; Allan MacLean,
Agriculture; Derrick Brewerton,
Public Works; Tom Bishop, Fin-
ance; Crombie Tanner, Railway
and Canals; Victor Dawe, Internal
Revenues and Andrew Estakis, Sec-
retary of State.

SCM Features Xmas Fireside

(Continued from Page Three)

The underprivileged children will
be the recipients.

Following the games and stories,
there will be a social and folk dan-
cing to the music of a nickelodeon
and a piano.

Seasonal refreshments will be
served.

Snowflakes by J.B.

(Continued from Page Five)

and end at Piedmont station. It
will cover about ten or twelve miles
amidst easy country not travelled
over by the usual cross-country
skier, and will be ideal for those
who will be on their skis for the
first time this winter, and for those
taking lessons and want to put
theory into practice (gee, the snow
is hard).

Notice boards will soon ap-

pear in every building and all
those who wish to go are ur-
gently requested to sign them
or to get in touch with Johnny
Breit at HA. 0098 or (nights)
DE. 8265. It has been rumored
that a charming group of las-
sies are acting as a nucleus. . .
Why not start the winter rig
... with the Outing Club?

The tour starts at Piedmont De-
cember 28, when the prospective
skiers will leave Piedmont Station
at 10.30 a.m. They will then lie
down to Ste. Adele and will eventu-
ally find their way back to Pied-
mont by a different trail. All
pseudo skiers are asked to bring
their own lunches.

Mrs. Chambers Takes Salute

(Continued from Page Three)

ment and their wives, Mr. and Mrs.
Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Currie; Mr.
and Mrs. G. A. R. Hart, Mr. and
Mrs. G. A. Flint; Mr. and Mrs. J.
E. Birmingham; and Messrs. Lewis
and Hill.

QUESTIONNAIRE TO FACULTY

Western.—It has been said that
one of the best ways to "see" the
differences between men's minds
and attitudes is to study the vary-
ing answers given to identical ques-
tions. Anyone who has been a stu-
dent knows there are times when
he would like to know "just what
the instructor is thinking about,
anyway." Here is an opportunity
to see what certain members of
the science teaching staff have to
say in answer to four general ques-
tions.

The questionnaire included the
following questions:

1. What do you consider the
greatest single scientific develop-
ment of the past five years?
2. What work of (a) fiction, (b)
non-fiction that you read during
the past year did you like the best?
3. If you were giving \$100,000
to the University, for what would
you request that the money be
spent?

4. What is your "pet peeve" re-
garding Western students?

1. What do you consider the
greatest single scientific develop-
ment of the past five years?

(a) The greatest development
does not lie in the production of
any single "invention"; it lies in
the co-operation that is developing
between the various branches of
science.

(b) The development of new
types of aircraft. Why? Ask Great
Britain.

(c) Sulphonamide and related
compounds. (This answer was given
by two persons.)

(e) Television.
(f) New techniques for food
preservation. (I am not referring
to keg-lined cans.)

(g) J. B. S. Haldane's initiated
work which disclosed the fact that
the chromosomes in plants achieved
the variety of color and other
plant characteristics by each
chromosome modifying a specific
part of a single common molecule.

2. What work of (a) fiction, (b)
non-fiction that you read during
the past year did you like the best?

(a) "The Grapes of Wrath." No
one who reads this book with
understanding will forget it. The
point is why?

(b) "Oliver Twist." (This an-
swer was given by two persons.)
(c) "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker."
This book should be required read-
ing for all Maritimers.

(d) "Northwest Passage." A well
told story.

(e) Various books descriptive of
the struggles of the Chinese and
Spanish Republicans, e.g., "The
People's War," Epstein; "Red Star
Over China," E. Snow; "Life and
Death of the Spanish Republic,"
Buckley.

(b) "For Whom the Bell Tolls."
In the words of the old poem, Is it
tolling for us?

(g) "Epic of America." The story
of the development of the United
States gives us an indication of the
future of Canada.

(h) "Paths of Plenty." This book
by the new vice-president Henry
A. Wallace, represents an example
of a college-bred man thinking pro-
foundly in a department far re-
moved from the one in which he is
already making a unique contribu-
tion.

(i) The best fiction; books trying
to defend the racial superiority
myth. (Titles on request.) The best
non-fiction: The 1940 Encyclopedia
Britannica Year-book.

3. If you were giving \$100,000 to
the University, for what would you
request that the money be spent?

(a) I would leave it to the Board
of Governors to use as it saw fit.
The board probably knows the
needs of the University better than
I do.

(b) I would endow a men's
dormitory. If the dormitory were
used only for first year men, at
least, it would be the beginning of
a housing plan.

(c) A women's dormitory should
come first. The men students would
be parked in the social rooms of
the building every evening anyway
and until we can build a Students'
Union, the dormitory could be the

centre of student activities.

(d) I would request that the
money be spent on a scholarship
basis for student research work, or
towards defraying laboratory ex-
penses of research done by faculty
members.

(e) I would build a botanical
garden with a fish pond.

(f) I would apply it on a "last
survivor" annuity.

(g) I believe we can use a
Faculty Club.

(h) I do not believe it is wise
to limit closely requests to uni-
versities. Hence, though I would
suggest campus residences, I ac-
tually would leave it open.

(i) I suggest a zoo.

(j) I would insist the money be
applied to our university's debt so
we could call our home our own.

(k) I would endow research into
the best type of construction to
employ for university buildings, all
factors being considered—viz., that
the maximum of facilities for work
and development be provided at
minimum cost. (If necessary, a
special fund might be expended in
persuading those whom it concerns
that medieval architecture is not a
prime requisite.) Having shown the
community our will to build an
efficient educational plant—filled
with the modern accessories of
modern education—gifts might be
expected to follow.

4. What is your "pet peeve" re-
garding Western students?

(a) Their "phobia" toward mak-
ing more than a necessary use of
the library.

(b) As far as I can make out
the "peeve" is ours and the "pet"
is theirs. Look in the library read-
ing rooms any morning.

(c) A student newspaper that is
not representative of our better
students, or even of the average
student.

(d) The failure of students to
realize they are to be the leaders
of the next generation.

(e) Mad student drivers who en-
danger life, limb and wild flowers
on the University Drive.

(f) Students who copy their
neighbor's work and feel they are
getting an education.

(g) The utter contentment with
"marks" as representing real ac-
complishment.

(h) Students who are too intent
on practical education instead of
knowledge's sake.

(i) Students who whistle in the
halls.

(j) A student newspaper that
small town librarians are ashamed
to put on the reading tables.

(k) Students who smoke in the
halls and exhibit all the associated
lack of manners.—Western Gazette.

YALE GEARS ITS FACILITIES
TO SUPPORT U.S. WAR EFFORT

300 Students Crowd
Recruiting Offices

Taking all possible moves to con-
tribute to the nation's war effort,
Yale University has been the cen-
tre of enormous activity in the past
few days, an analysis of Wednes-
day's Yale Daily News reveals.

Led by football captain Alan E.
Bartholmey, three hundred Yale
men flocked to New Haven's Army,
Navy, and Army Air Corps recruit-
ing stations on Monday and Tues-
day, anxious to enlist. The Ellis
turned up in droves, but most of
the applicants were turned away
because they had forgotten their
birth certificates.

One man was accepted for Air
Corps training, however, and seven
others were given a physical ex-
amination. Captain W. J. Mc-
Cracken, president of the exam-
ining board told the aspirants that
they might be trained together in
groups of twenty, provided they
passed their physicals.

Scholastic Exams in February

Men with two years of college
experience are eligible for the Air
Corps, the captain continued. Men
not meeting the educational require-
ment are eligible for scholastic ex-
aminations in February.

Naval applicants seeking commis-
sions were referred to the New
York office, since the New Haven
office handles only V5's—Naval
Aviation—and VT's. V7 registra-
tion is temporarily restricted to
men with Engineering degrees.

Students enrolled in Yale's Civil-
ian Pilot Training Course will
probably be permitted to continue
their flying if they fulfill certain
stipulations. The flyers are re-
quired to pledge allegiance to the
United States flag, swear that they
would not take Japanese sympa-
thizers in the air with them, and
establish their citizenship.

Earlier in the week, President
Charles Seymour told the Ellis that
"the greatest service which students
of Yale can render to their country
at this time is to carry on their
studies through the normal course."

Athletic Future in Doubt

Seymour and his high athletic of-
ficials of the university are confer-
ring with Princeton and Harvard
authorities, and also with the
Army, to decide what course of

Arts-Engineers Annual Battle Leaves Artsmen Victorious

By S.F.C.

The M.R.T.B. teaches a mili-
tary strategy that was never so
well appreciated as on Tuesday
when the first snow fit for
snowballs fell on the campus,
bringing forth the Arts-Engin-
eers fight with it.

The early dismissal of English
2 brought forth a phalanx of
strategic Artsmen who began
to defend the Arts building
with an ardor that drove the
oncoming Engineers down to
their stronghold, fighting to the
last man. The plumbers gained
sudden strength when the eleven
o'clock bell sounded, re-
leasing a horde of Engineering
'44, and sending off freshmen to
the Armory. Events began to
pall for the Artsmen with this,
and moved so slowly that one
of the coeds began to agitate for
real action—for the pants to be
stripped off at least one Engin-
eer. Her heckling became so
strong, that an Engineer was
grabbed; she was told to look
the other way; and he was
bared down to blue shorts.

The avenging cry rose from
the opposite camp, and before
the Artsmen could defend their
lone representative, a pair of
white woolen legs appeared
waving from the door of the
Sanctum, and a pair of blue
trousers became the first of
three to be tied on the lamp-
posts before the building.
A yell from the plumbers

swelled, with the demand for
a pair of Army pants. The de-
mand was taken up by the Arts-
men, who collared one of E
company, and relieved him of
his shoes and trousers, kicked
him and his white shorts, and
then tossed him over the hill,
and home.

The plumbers did get a pair
of Army pants, too, but not un-
til after they had stripped a
third year Commerce man, who
was seen later on the Arts steps,
idly leaning against one of the
pillars, smoking a cigarette,
with his hat and coat on, his
rescued trousers over one arm,
and his long white underwear
keeping the rest of him warm.
(Incidentally, coeds could take
a tip from the Artsmen, in the
warmest way to dress.)

Things never evened up. The
Engineers grabbed five pairs of
pants, and, according to them,
the bravest and gamest fight
was put up by Glenn Cowan,
President of the Student's So-
ciety, who had been leading the
Arts forces on. The Artsmen be-
gan to pall in their efforts—one
saying it wasn't worth while to
stoop to fight with the unlet-
tered.

The climax came when the
Engineers were so provoked by
the snowballs being tossed into
their windows, that they reach-
ed for the hose—but the water
had been turned off beforehand
and the hose failed to function.

action will be taken on Intercol-
legiate athletics.

On the air warden front, sixteen
juniors and seniors have already
signed up for work, and others in-
terested in the field are still ap-
plying for positions. They will be civil-
ian leaders in case of air raid. Look-
outs have been posted in New
Haven to be on the alert for ap-
proaching planes.

All students over 21 are being re-
registered, as a result of draft head
Brigadier General Hershey's order.
According to the Secretary of the
University Committee on Selective
Service, the war will not halt the
action of the Yale committee in re-
commending deferments in local
boards where it is best for the na-
tional defence to do so.

Japanese Students Held

The school's two Japanese stu-
dents are being held by the police,
as the result of a warning phone
call on Sunday by a member of the
New Haven Health Department,
who has since admitted his "mis-
judgment" and has been the center
of much local publicity.

Echoing the university's policy,
the News commented editorially:
"In the turmoil of the hour it should
be remembered that if we are to
create a better world out of this
war we shall need trained leaders
for the years to come. The student
who remains conscientiously at his
task until the opportunity for even
greater service is open to him in
fighting this larger war."

—Harvard Crimson.

CAMPUS USED AS ARMY CAMP
DURING LAST WAR

Within four days after Carnegie
President Hamerslag, already
serving in Washington as a dollar-
a-year man, offered the services
and equipment of the Carnegie In-
stitute to the Government, 1,000
students organized on the campus
for voluntary military training. By
the end of that semester, June, 1917,
Tech had become a regular United
States Army Camp.

At the actual outbreak of hostili-
ties, the majority of day-school
classes were discontinued. The cam-
pus was taken over by the army,
and men who had already been in-
ducted and uniforms were sent
here for training as radio and mili-
tary mechanics. Before the war was
to end, we were to train over 8,000
soldiers.

An open-air building, our present
"beauty," was constructed and
housed, besides several huge Mack
trucks, two nice, shiny airplanes.

These latest model Curtiss and
Wright bi-planes were taken apart
and assembled so often, that it was
said that if they were left apart by
the evening class, they assembled
themselves by the next morning!

"Camp Carnegie" was under the
command of Colonel Brooks when
it was discovered that our present-
day Frew Street was full of large
holes which were responsible for
mishaps to our pride and joy Mack
trucks. After a complaint to the
Pittsburgh Street Department went
un-noticed, he informed the auth-
orities that two nearby saloons
would be considered out of bounds
for his soldiers unless the street
condition was remedied. Needless to
say, the repairs were made the next
morning!

Mr. Potter, of the machine shop,

still has vivid memories of the
havoc caused by a section of "Oley
Olsons" from the wilds of Minne-
sota who stormed into his shop for
instruction. "These lumberjacks
were all nine-foot-six and had
hands as large as a township!" re-
minisces Mr. Potter.

During the flu epidemic, the camp
was roped off and sentries with
gauze masks patrolled the limits.
Several Tech professors still re-
member seeing the men lined up
in the street in front of the Arts build-
ing to have their throats sprayed by
the medical corps!

The men were marched to their
classes under non-commissioned of-
ficers every morning and were re-
quired to stand at attention until
the professor arrived. These men
filled the Cut and every other avail-
able space with their cantonments
as the average soldier-student spent
six weeks here before being sent
out on active duty.

The Department of Music was
turned into a band school, and two
of the men's dorms were used for
dorms. The men were told that the
object was to raise our bands to the
then high standards of the French
bands. The then Dean Tarbell re-
ports that one of the trainees told
him, "The French and Italians may
be able to play the clarinet, but, oh
boy, what us guys can do to a drum!

Truck drivers were based here on
the campus for the valuable train-
ing that could be gained by driving
around the hills of the city. These
men were the object of the camp
chef's violent objections. He didn't
mind serving the soldiers 10,000
meals a day, but it definitely "irk-
ed" him to be called at sunrise to
prepare about 450 sandwiches and
300 eggs for our galloping truck
drivers who couldn't get back to the
campus at meal time!

—Carnegie Tartan.

"My preference for blondes dates
back to my childhood."

"Your childhood?"

"Yes, even then I was afraid